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The Nation

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To the memory of

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN

WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON

HENRY VILLARD

HORACE WHITE

GUSTAV POLLAK

HAMMOND LAMONT

and to

FANNY GARRISON VILLARD

PAUL ELMER MORE

HAROLD DEWOLF FULLER

this Sixtieth Anniversary Issue of The Nation
is gratefully dedicated.

SOME MILITARIST once called China a "jellyfish nation." The spineless nation that will not fight is showing the West the vast power of non-violent resistance. There is, of course, sporadic violence in China. A few foreigners have been killed—and very likely more will be—in the course of tremendous mass demonstrations against the domineering alien; but the great power of China today lies not in the arms and fists of her millions but in their capacity for silently thinking and acting alike. The officials of British factories in China beckon to the warships when one of their number is beaten to death by an angry mob; but when their servants steal away in the night, and their faithful employees desert them, when the hotels are without help and the stores without clerks, they stand puzzled and helpless. Chinese national sentiment five years ago built up a boycott against Japanese trade that forced the Mikado's empire to change its tactics. Today the harbor of Hongkong is filled with little ships carrying Chinese away from Britain's great Eastern port; and the foreign settlement is busily struggling to do its own work. Will the Western Powers be stubborn, stand on their "rights" until the silent resistance crystallizes into a lasting hate of the entire Western world, or will they follow Thomas F. Millard's advice in the New York *Times*? He says:

> The following conditions are probably the minimum that would satisfy the Chinese, insure suspension of the anti-foreign demonstrations and disorders or prevent serious prolongation: First, the powers must publicly agree to an early conference wherein the entire body of Chinese questions shall be placed in the agenda unreservedly for full discussion and revision; second, the powers, in conjunction and consultation with the Chinese Government, must quickly appoint a time and place for this conference; third, a public declaration must be made by the powers of a non-aggressive policy toward China and a purpose not to use force to coerce her to yield to unacceptable conditions.

INCH BY INCH Europe moves toward peace. The new peace-pact proposals are an advance on those discussed three years ago, as those marked progress over peace-conference days. France is ready to make the guaranty of the Rhine frontier mutual—and that is a long road from Clemenceau days, when the German delegates were caged like wild beasts and were told what they might do in terms purposely made insulting. But if some solitary explorer should venture without a radio outfit into the jungle or the Arctic and stay there a year or two, he could probably return to civilization and begin reading the peace-pact discussions without realizing that he had ever been away.

THE GERMANS on February 9 substantially repeated the Cuno proposals which Poincaré contemptuously ignored two and a half years ago. They offered an agreement not to wage war, together with comprehensive arbitration treaties with all nations, and a reciprocal guaranty of the territorial status of the Rhine. It is difficult to understand what further guaranty of security France could ask Germany to give. The French replied on June 4 courte-

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ously and at length, but with what was apparently studied ambiguity. The note, of course, followed a long exchange of views with England. England made it plain that while she might guarantee the Rhine frontier she would give no pledges regarding Germany's Eastern border. France in her reply insisted that before any agreement was made Germany must enter the League; that the agreements must involve no modification of the treaties nor of the obligations noted in the covenant of the League; and that while she would be glad to talk about arbitration in general she could not consent to abrogate any of her rights under the Treaty of Versailles.

IN PLAIN WORDS France is willing to be polite now, but not to promise to act decently in future. Two things naturally and properly disturb the Germans. They want France to promise not to undertake any more invasions of the Ruhr or of any other part of their territory; and they will give no pledge, express or implied, to transport French troops across their territory in order to aid Poland—either against Russia or against Germany herself. On both these points the French are distressingly vague. They do not expressly say so, but the evident meaning of their phrases about treaty rights and League obligations is that they intend to reserve just such freedom of action as they exercised in the Ruhr, and that they still insist upon their claim to send troops across Germany. Both these points will require further protracted negotiation—and time. Perhaps France, with an African war on her hands, will forget her war-born fear of her disarmed Eastern neighbor. The liberal, as Ramsay MacDonald points out in his article in this issue of *The Nation*, will distrust any of these peace schemes which seek to fortify peace by military alliances and pledges; he will not believe any document based upon the Treaty of Versailles likely to be a useful asset for peace; and, while glad that Germany is at last treated as something like an equal, he will look forward to the day when Russia, too, is treated as a part of the concert of Europe.

THE MOST IMPORTANT ACHIEVEMENT of the League's conference on the traffic in arms, which has been meeting in Geneva for six weeks, was the protocol for the abolition of poisonous gas in warfare. The protocol, which was based on Article V of the Washington treaty, was drafted at the insistence of Representative Theodore E. Burton. General Amos Fries, chief of the Chemical Warfare Service, and Dr. Charles H. Herty, president of the Synthetic Organic Chemical Manufacturers Associations, have already declared that any such treaty can exist only on paper; that with the approach of war the treaty would be ignored. Of course efforts to "tame" war are always doubtful and uncertain. A nation with its back against the wall will surely use poison gas if it can; thus far in the history of warfare no effective weapons once used have ever been given up. Our government, however, has placed its faith in this method of control, has urged it in the face of opposition, and the least we can do is to ratify the protocol and the general arms limitation convention as soon as possible. Failure to ratify would be a setback to any future attempts at international agreement. The general convention is regarded as stronger than the original draft; warships, airplanes, and armored cars which at first were excluded from the convention have been brought back under the publicity provisions.

THE ACTION of Judge Kennedy in upholding the validity of the lease of the Teapot Dome oil reserve to Harry F. Sinclair is most important, perhaps, as new proof of the fallibility of our courts—as a public demonstration that our so-called science of jurisprudence is largely a myth. Those who argue for the wisdom of permitting our courts to annul the will of the people as expressed through Congress and State legislatures dwell on the advantage of taking points of law out of the field of partisan controversy and leaving them to the clear, cold logic—the impersonal science—of our judges. But here is one impersonal interpreter, Judge Kennedy, differing on identical points of law and evidence from his colleague, Judge McCormick, who recently declared as fraudulent and invalid the lease of California oil lands to E. L. Doheny. In the language of the street, How come? Both judges are of high and equal rank—each presides over a United States district court—and each, we must assume, lives in the same rarified air of clear, cold logic, unswayed by personal opinion or environment. We think the laugh is on the courts and we hope it will be a loud, uproarious guffaw, for nothing nowadays needs laughter more than the so-called majesty of the law.

MAJESTY OF FIDDLESTICKS! The courts have their place, and so have judges, but the sooner we strip them of their robes, their verbiage, their medieval ceremonial, their autocratic punishments for contempt, and all the sanctified nonsense about their superiority to ordinary mortals, the nearer we shall come to justice. Of course the Teapot Dome case and that in California are not precisely alike. The evidence of conspiracy was less direct in the former, possibly due to the fact that four prominent oil men whom the government wanted as witnesses fled to Europe. But in other respects the two cases involved almost the same facts. Indeed the chief counsel for Mr. Doheny is quoted as saying: "There is no distinguishing between the two cases. On the real facts either Judge McCormick or Judge Kennedy is wrong." And the New York *Times* is much too hopeful when it says: "Until the Supreme Court passes on the question, perhaps a couple of years from now, we shall not really know what the law is." We shan't know then. All we shall know will be the opinion of nine men—or possibly of five against four—and it will be an opinion as inevitably mixed with human error as that of Judge Kennedy or Judge McCormick.

THE FAVORITE FOOD of New York City, according to a poll conducted by the United Restaurant Owners' Association, is corned beef and cabbage. Of some 180,000 ballots cast 23,061 were for this dish, as against 18,549 for vegetable dinner, 14,208 for veal cutlet, 13,864 for roast Long Island duck, 12,515 for filet mignon, 10,586 for roast beef, and smaller votes for other choices. Beefsteak received only 1,354 votes, lamb chops 1,288, ham and eggs 903. We do not think this poll amounts to much; it is about on a par with the contests for the most beautiful bathing girl (who always turns out to be a fright in the rotagravure supplements) and the most popular school teacher—whose vote is worked up chiefly by pupils who think activity in that direction is their best assurance of passing. So far as the choice of corned beef and cabbage has any significance, it is more a vote of lack of confidence in New York cooks than of approval of the dish in question. For it is probably true that corned beef and cabbage can resist

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more bad cooking than any other known dish. Even the most atrocious of cooks (of whom there are thousands of millions in the metropolis) cannot quite take the kick out of well corned beef or deprive the lowly cabbage of its pungent and persistent flavor.

AS TO THE VEGETABLE DINNER of the great city, it bears only a historical relation to anything ever grown in a garden. It comes out of a cold-storage warehouse or a can, without any relation to the season, consisting generally of a gob of spaghetti (one of New York's best-known vegetables) a potato baked at 10 a. m. to be served at 7 o'clock at night, some spinach from which the life has long since been sucked by protracted boiling, and a dab of string beans (in which the string predominates) served with no dressing other than a residue of the slightly brackish water in which they were cooked. Hence the vote for vegetable dinner, like Nat Goodwin's successive marriages, represents the triumph of hope over experience. The ballots were cast not by persons who had just finished such a dinner but by individuals safely buttressed behind a beefsteak or a plate of ham and eggs (which despite their small vote are generally good even in a New York eatery). Such persons, probably so fortunate as never to have ordered a vegetable dinner à la New York, were licking the chops of their imagination over some sweet and succulent green peas eaten ten years ago before they left the old town in Ohio, or were recalling an eggplant fried at home in such a way as to make it taste different from a pepper or a cucumber. We suggest that the victims of New York restaurants vote next time not for the best dish but for the worst cook. Whoever is elected will deserve to be.

THE LONG-CHERISHED DREAM of a direct air service between Egypt and India carried on by a subsidized private company is about to come true. The British Air Minister, Sir Samuel Hoare, has announced that he hopes to terminate next winter the fortnightly flights of the Royal Air Force from Egypt to Mesopotamia and to substitute a regular passenger line from Mantara in Egypt, to Ramleh in Palestine, Amman, and thence to Bagdad, Basra, Bussir, and along the coast to Karachi, at the mouth of the Indus. The distance is about 2,500 miles and the flight is expected to take two and one-half instead of the eight days now required; if night flying proves practicable the trip may be reduced to a day and a half. Proposals have already been invited and Sir Samuel is confident that there will be a responsible bidder to carry not only the mails, but the large passenger traffic which is expected. We have not a single such service planned in America and nothing corresponding to the daily cross-Channel flight, and yet the anonymous committee on civilian air development in America which recently reported to President Coolidge in opposition to government aid for civilian flying had the impudence to declare that America leads all the world in this field of endeavor.

AIR EXPLORATION fits the Chinaman's description of coasting: "Pling! Then back-walkee mile." Speed machines have their own diabolical economy, and their revenges. But Amundsen and his crew managed to dig out a frozen plane and to level crags of ice with knives and wooden spades, to transfer heavy equipment over treacherous ice floes, fall into the sea and be fished out—all on short rations that left them weak with hunger—and still to meet their leisurely rescuers in the King's Bay Harbor. The correspondents who saw them return never tire of describing their emotions, but the greatest moment must have been when the captain of the lonely sealer Sjoeliv, taking the N-25 for a patrol plane, shouted across "Any news of Amundsen?" and heard the answer "Yes—I am Amundsen." Donald MacMillan, undaunted, follows Amundsen, well equipped with two steamers, planes, and radio. In spite of all the reports of deep water around the pole, he still hopes to find land. His fellow-citizens expect him to claim it in the name of the State of Maine.

WE NOTE WITH REGRET the announcement that "The Villager," carried on for eight years and four hundred issues by Samuel Strauss and Kate Parsons, has decided to suspend publication. It has been delightful reading, full of wisdom and replete with knowledge, so that it has been perused with pleasure by many who would have liked a sharper viewpoint and a more clear-cut definition of aims. Its literary quality alone made it a welcome weekly visitor and we sincerely regret its disappearance, if only because it showed how a little journal of opinion of only four pages, without advertising, can make its way. Fortunately the editors intimate that they are going to try something else, though as to that they have not yet made up their minds. And so they have devoted their last issue to talking about their achievements. They stress *The Villager's* freedom from propaganda, their having had no other aim than to express their views, "to help make things a little clearer." This unquestionably they have done with a coolness, a good nature, and a detachment most welcome in the heat of these arduous years. We have the greater pleasure in *The Villagers'* undoubted success because until he began to write for this publication Mr. Strauss was known chiefly as a business man. Every reader of his and of Miss Parsons will await eagerly their next venture.

SENATOR LADD, who died four days after La Follette, was born in Maine, and his early years were passed in the laboratory, far removed from the hurlyburly of politics. Fate took his laboratory into politics. He was chief chemist of the North Dakota Agricultural Experiment Station when he discovered that good flour could be made from a grade of grain for which the farmers were receiving less than half the usual rate. A little arithmetic showed him that the millers were making five times the normal profit from the rust-affected Dakota wheat for which they paid so little. Bulletin 119 of the State Experiment Station aroused a terrific storm in the Northwest and made the chemist a hero among the farmers. He soon became president of the State Agricultural College; then the Nonpartisan League made him United States Senator. The scientist turned politician perforce was always a bit uncomfortable in Washington; he did not shine in public debate. He presided over the Committee on Public Lands in the famous sessions which revealed the oil scandals; but his selflessness never sought to claim a share of the credit which Senator Walsh's masterly inquisition brought him. It was inevitable that a man of his background and sympathy should enlist under the La Follette banner; and his last public act was to press a measure close to his chief's heart, the Ladd resolution against use of the armed forces of the nation to collect debts or protect private interests.

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Robert Marion La Follette

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE was American to his fingertips. No other country could have produced a man just like this nor one truer to his convictions and his principles. It seems to us that he was closer to the people and closer to the soil of America than almost any other great politician since Lincoln. He knew what they wanted in a public servant and he gave it to them, and they in return who knew him and saw him at close range clung to him with a fidelity and devotion which were not in the least shaken by the unjust storm of abuse and calumny which burst upon him in 1917 when he dared to vote according to his beliefs on the matter of the declaration of war. Thereby he kept untarnished the oath he took when he became Senator. Thereby he kept his conscience clear, his soul his own. It is idle to prophesy what history will or will not say about such a figure, but if that fickle muse writes truly of him it will assign to him one of the noblest places in the annals of America—the man who deliberately chose what seemed political death and perpetual contumely rather than yield one iota of convictions held to the last drop of blood in his body. Like Bright and Cobden, Campbell-Bannerman and Ramsay MacDonald, he survived the attacks upon him for opposing his country's going to war. He has died stronger in the affection of the masses of the American people than ever before. Time has justified almost his every stand. The tributes, however grudging, paid him by the hounds of daily journalism, who for years snapped at his heels at their masters' behest, are proof that in the final test even the most vindictive must yield in respect to a character that knows no fear and is true to itself.

A very great American he was. Not in the sense of statesmanship. From the Old World standpoint he would hardly be classed as a statesman. His range of vision, until his later years, was too narrowly circumscribed by domestic issues, so that he was long debarred from profiting by European knowledge and experience. In Wisconsin he fought the devil with fire—he played the local political game with the bitter partisanship he had learned from his enemies. They gave no quarter, and he followed suit—in Wisconsin political enmities are almost as deadly as in Kentucky. He used the public offices and patronage of every kind to build up his machine. This was as natural a step in the process of political evolution as had been, until La Follette broke their grasp, the mastery of the State by corporations and the bosses whom they created and owned. He broke their hold not only by taking a leaf out of their book. He card-catalogued the State; he wrote to thousands upon thousands, establishing personal relations with them. Thus he offset the hostility of the daily press and established his own leadership. It goes without saying that that leadership, however established and maintained, could not have continued for a long political lifetime had he not been buttressed by principle, had he not been genuinely devoted to the popular welfare, had he not been absolutely selfless in giving himself to his causes. This it was, together with his understanding of them, that gave him that hold upon the plain people which nothing could shake, which made 5,000,000 voters acclaim him as their national last fall.

That he fought his admirable fight for popular control of our institutions and our government by piecemeal rather than with a comprehensive program or in accordance with far-reaching policies is undeniable. Our readers will remember that during the last campaign we frankly stated that Mr. La Follette's platform was not thoroughgoing enough for us. He was against privilege, but he failed to see that the tariff is the greatest bulwark and creator of privilege that we have; he opposed corruption, but he voted regularly for the tariff system which for generations gave rise to more political corruption than anything else. He was opposed to war, but he was not a pacifist—he could not see that he who compromises with this evil and refuses to break with it at all times, under all conditions, merely helps to continue it—helps it more than does the outright advocate of war. He believed in cooperation, yet lacked the vision to see what enormous benefits the whole nation would derive if it were made of paramount importance. In the matter of monopoly and the trusts, he based his last campaign upon conditions and policies which time had outlawed. He was only a recent convert to government ownership of railroads.

Yet, recording all this, we count it as one of the greatest privileges to have known and to have been able to support this man. For he was one of the small but noble company of whom it can be said that, whatever their mistakes, they were inevitably and eternally right. Accused of being an actor because of his histrionic manner, he was in reality destitute of pose. He spurned opportunity after opportunity to advance his fortunes and to trumpet abroad his virtues and achievements. Though accused of vanity he was often, in his disregard of slander and falsehood, the despair of his friends—not until a year after the Associated Press's abominable misreporting of his St. Paul speech, directly misquoting him, did he seek to set the public right. Once a brilliant journalist joined the Senator's office force for the express purpose of challenging misrepresentations of Mr. La Follette and getting the truth about him before the public. In vain; after some months the journalist resigned because he could not get the maligned man sufficiently interested in himself to make the task worth while. It was his causes alone which interested him and it was they that roused him and carried him through the slough of despond of war days, in which he daily met old associates who no longer spoke to him although they knew he was right and in their heart of hearts wished that they had had the courage and the manliness to do as did this outcast of the hour. Lonely he could never be because of his devoted family, the host of friends who adored this warm, this intense, this absolutely honest personality, with its record of actual constructive achievement far outweighing that of any other of his contemporaries. Here was a true leader of men, here a true patriot.

"I don't know how the people will feel toward me," he said to his son, Robert, as he lay dying, "but I will take to my grave my love for them which has sustained me through life." Never were truer and never were more sincere words uttered by a public man. Somehow we have no fears for Robert La Follette's posthumous fame. Historians may write what they please, in the hearts of the plain people Robert La Follette is safe, for their love echoes back to love.

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Out of the East

FIVE years ago C. R. Das was the leader of the Calcutta bar. His practice was said to bring him an income of $50,000 a year; he lived in one of the show residences of Calcutta. Then he came under the influence of Mahatma Gandhi. For four years he did not take a single case as a lawyer. He turned his estate of some $800,000, including his house, over to a trust fund to serve India, part of it to go toward a university for women. The other day he died, a poor man dwelling in an attic room which a friend gave him rent-free. But he died mayor of Calcutta and president of India's Swaraj Party.

It was Das who persuaded Gandhi two years ago to permit the Swaraj Party to moderate the absolutism of its non-cooperation program. Das adopted the old Parnellite program of entering the legislatures and fighting the Government from within. It was his leadership which reduced the British scheme of diarchy in Bengal and the Central Provinces to ashes. He commanded a majority in his own legislature, and he boldly refused to vote salaries for the ministers of the "transferred departments." Diarchy provides that the less important departments of government shall be in the hands of native ministers, but it does not give them final power. Das said that the Government must accept responsibility where it had control; he would permit no camouflaged measures of near self-government.

The power of his personality was revealed last March when the final votes were taken on the ministers' salaries. Some of his followers were wavering, and there was danger that the salaries would be voted. Das was ill, but, disregarding his doctors, he had himself carried on a stretcher into the legislative chamber. British officials were so fearful that they would issue no passes that day; even the stretcher-bearers were barred at the door, and Das's colleagues had to carry him in. The sick man's followers rallied, and voted against the Government.

Das was more the politician than Gandhi—although he, too, sat at his spinning-wheel and wore chaddar—far more interested in the method and detail of self-government. At the Bengal conference of the Swarajists in May he appealed to the Government, offering cooperation: "Providing some real responsibility is transferred to the people there is no reason why we should not cooperate with the Government," he said. Such cooperation, he added, must depend upon a change of heart in the rulers and a definite guaranty of Swaraj in the near future. Will England give that?

Western leaders do not move toward political power by renouncing this world's goods. Das, like Gandhi, was beyond thought of self. And the power of these Eastern personalities drifts across the intervening oceans with an appeal like that of the ancient prophets. Do we in the West respond to such men? Are we as far from them as the economy program and modest twelve suits of Calvin Coolidge? Would we listen to such an appeal as this of Das's to his followers?

> Be it yours to offer yourselves as sacrifices in the interest of truth and justice, so that your children and your children's children may have the fruits of your sufferings.

If India can rise to that, we need not worry over the decay of Western civilization, for the East will offer us something better.

The Clinton Papers Appear

WHERE is the American historian who has not thrilled at the news that probably the most important collection of papers and documents, as yet unpublished, relating to American affairs between 1741 and 1780 is about to be sold? We refer to the papers of Admiral George Clinton, collected during his tenure of office as Governor of New York from 1741 to 1751, and those of Sir Henry Clinton when commander-in-chief of the British forces in America during the final years of the struggle for independence, 1778-1780. That such important historical material is not in the British archives or in the British Museum is no less than astounding, particularly when it is known that there is included in it Sir Henry Clinton's two manuscript volumes of his history of the American war of independence in which he sought to justify his conduct of the war to posterity.

What renders this collection the more tempting for Americans is that among the 12,000 letters and documents are many captured letters written by Washington, Lee, Gates, Putnam, and other American generals. Many of the letters are in the handwriting of Major John André, the unfortunate and gallant adjutant-general of Clinton, who deciphered many of the captured documents and also British correspondence from codes. Much of this matter has never been thoroughly worked over—the librarian of the London Library, Dr. C. H. Wright, declares that there is much hitherto unpublished matter dealing with the treason of General Benedict Arnold. Even Dr. Wright does not know the extent of these treasures, though an occasional letter like André's farewell to Clinton has been published in various histories. What is more important is the fact that there are here enormous sources of material dealing with the loyalists and their unhappy fate—a phase of the Revolution which has not yet received altogether adequate treatment. Indeed, from reading the current school histories one might almost believe that the American colonists were solidly behind the revolutionists. Few know that Washington was so much in enemy territory that when Mad Anthony Wayne undertook the short night march from Fort Montgomery to Stony Point rangers were sent to every farm house along the line of march, and for some distance on each side, to hold the farmers and their families prisoners in their own homes during the night lest one slip out and warn the menaced garrison.

Here is a treasure trove indeed, and the only question is who shall gain possession of it. Dr. Wright warns his countrymen that they must raise large sums of money if they would head off the American dealers, who seem to dominate all such sales. For ourselves we are indifferent as to where the papers remain if only they can be made available and the contents published at the earliest possible date after completely unbiased editing. Why some publisher does not jump at Sir Henry Clinton's completed work we cannot understand; it would be a best-seller, indeed, in the historical field. The danger, of course, is that this magnificent collection will be dissipated by being sold in small lots; if the British Government does not want it, it would seem that public-spirited American citizens or some one of our many patriotic societies, like the Daughters of the American Revolution, should place this wonderful collection in the Library of Congress, accessible to English and American students alike.

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The Sixtieth Anniversary

THE ten years which have passed since the jubilee issue of *The Nation* in 1915 have been as pregnant with grave events as any decade in the world's history. In July, 1915, Europe had been for a year steeped in blood because its statesmen were too stupid or too criminal to find an end to a struggle destined to achieve none of the aims for which men died by the million. The foul propaganda which deceived all the world was under way from both guilty sides; in America simple-minded people were really beginning to believe that civilization was at stake, that out of war would come a cure for war, that international righteousness could be achieved and the kingdom of God more firmly established if only enough men of the other side were slaughtered. What the net result was all honest men must now admit: War has not been ended. Democracy was never less safe and is daily being stabbed in the back in America not less than in Europe. In Europe today there are more armed men than in 1914; bitterness, malice, hatred, the spirit of revenge, are enthroned. The crushing of great peoples offers no safeguard for the future. All Europe still hovers on the brink of financial ruin.

The Nation's experiences during and after the war Henry Raymond Mussey has set forth elsewhere in this issue. Suffice it to say that in those thrilling years *The Nation* resumed its separate existence and found, to the surprise of the editors, a tremendous accession of readers, giving it three to four times as many supporters as were ever won for it in its earlier days. More than that, *The Nation* suddenly discovered that its new course brought it friends the world over—Gandhi in India, Ramsay MacDonald in England, Anatole France, and many another fine spirit in every one of the embattled countries and in the nations of Latin America. From New Zealand, from China, from Tahiti, from Madagascar have come messages of good will and appreciation. Such success confirms the belief of its editors that the intelligent public *is* ready for accurate news—and that was Mr. Godkin's belief repeatedly stated when he founded this journal in 1865.

This is not the hour to recall at length any of *The Nation's* achievements since 1915. But on this anniversary we cannot forbear to remind our readers that we were the very first journal of opinion to denounce the Treaty of Versailles—calling it by its right name, the "madness of Versailles," the minute it appeared. The editors would like to believe that if *The Nation* had done nothing else in this decade it would yet have justified itself by the position it then took and has maintained ever since. They still think that as long as that infamous document survives the world is inevitably divided into two camps. *The Nation* will give support to no document, no league, and no alliance for security which is tied up to the Treaty of Versailles or helps to perpetuate it unchanged. Six years have only confirmed us in our belief that there can be no health and no peace and no real tranquility in Europe until that treaty is undone. Meanwhile, *The Nation* has had to fight for democracy in its every issue, precisely as in 1865, for, curiously enough, the lords of our political, social, and economic life who shouted loudest in 1917 that it was a war to preserve democracy are the very ones who more than anybody else are subverting and destroying democracy today. *The Nation* is undismayed in this struggle by the rise of one despotism after another abroad, or by the apostasy of great groups at home who demand mental subservience and slavery to the existing order under pain of excommunication for those who dare to exercise the old-fashioned American right to free thought, free speech, and free action. Service to those principles and to those human rights remains as compelling for *The Nation* as it was with the founders of the paper sixty years ago when they created a journal of opinion to be the organ of no church, or sect, or party.

The ten years that we are surveying have witnessed vast damage to the American press, first because it became so readily the tool of government propaganda and of wholesale lying, and second because of the growing cynicism and commercialization of its publishers. In the weekly field we have seen the rise and fall of the *Freeman*, that brilliant organ of criticism, and of the *Review*, which was to have refuted and confounded both *The Nation* and the *New Republic*. During this period the *Independent*, one of our oldest and most respected contemporaries, has changed hands twice, to arise Phoenix-like out of the ashes of its dead self full of new promise. Meanwhile, the *New Republic* has continued to flourish, which is the more gratifying because the journals of conformity, for all their incessant and tiresome acquiescence in everything that is said and done by authority, are no stronger than before. These ten years have also seen the extraordinary rise of the tabloid picture daily, which may yet make serious trouble for the commercialized daily of the old type. This new phenomenon is in keeping with the mental and moral exhaustion of the bulk of the people and their desire to read only such things as will cater to the senses but make no appeal to the brain.

As to the political situation, our readers know well what we think of it. Bad as it is, the reaction and corruption which followed hard upon the Civil War probably seemed as black to our predecessors. Certainly the world is infinitely better off today than ten years ago when men and women were perishing hourly by hundreds and thousands. Who can be discouraged because the odds are great? Robert E. Lee once said to his retreating soldiers: "We cannot win all the time." Fundamentally, *The Nation's* causes can never be beaten, because they are based on doctrines of brotherhood which must triumph in the long run unless the race is to destroy itself. It is this belief which gives *The Nation* such a zest for its causes and keeps its editors optimists. How could they be anything else? The *gaudium certaminis* is theirs in far richer and fuller degree than was the case in 1865. Then, in its beginning, *The Nation* was absorbed in purely domestic issues. Now it must interest itself in every country, and from the struggle in every clime it draws good cheer and inspiration. The lid of despotism may be clamped down in Hungary; it is suddenly lifted in China or in India.

Finally, we should be recreant, indeed, if we failed to record our gratitude to the legion of friends who by their support, both financial and moral, have made the new-old *Nation* possible. May we be permitted to say that thanks to them the past is secure and the future full of hope?

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The Nation 1865-1925

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

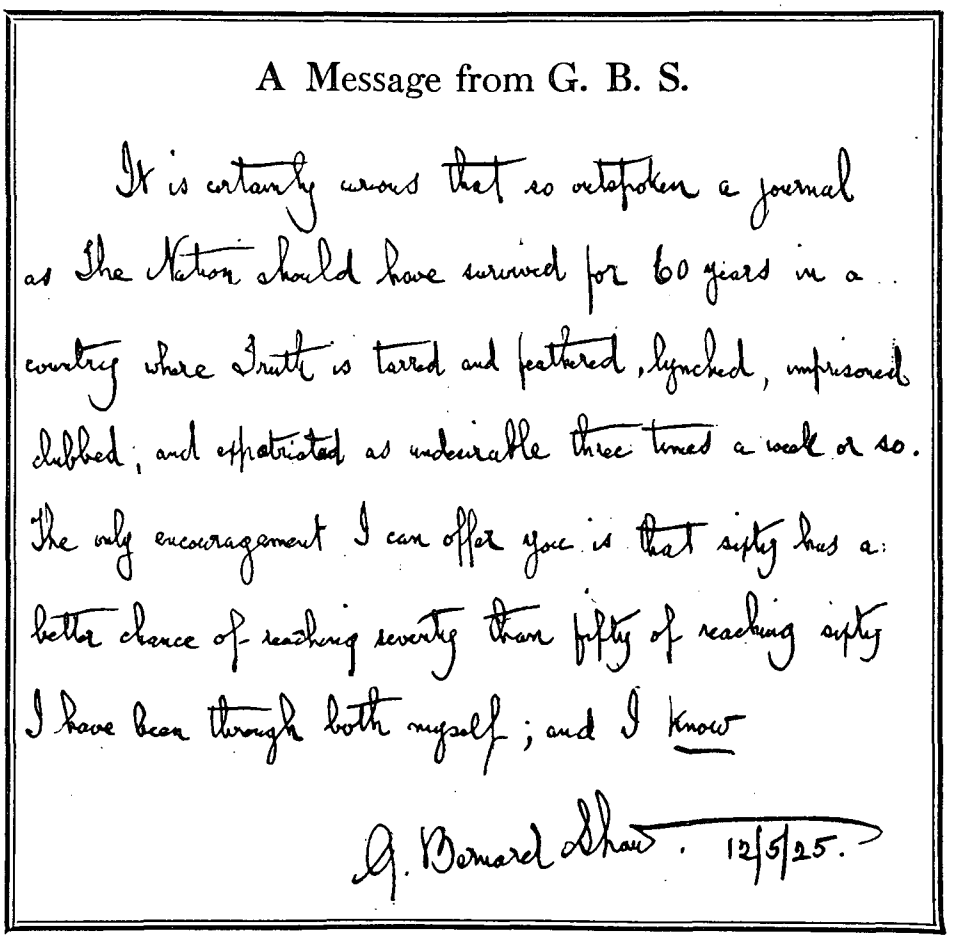
"*THE NATION?*" "Oh, yes. It used to be a fine, conservative weekly. But *now!*" And then there follow the usual references to the radicalism, the bolshevism, the wildness of *The Nation* under its present wicked editorship. Well, the interesting thing about it is that *The Nation* was founded in the immediate aftermath of a great war to champion certain unpopular beliefs, to advance causes which speedily brought down upon it calumny and abuse unending. More and more it found itself compelled to a policy of criticism of the government, its policies and then, in Grant's regime, its far-reaching corruption. That critical attitude which compelled it to go counter to many an established privilege and prepossession is alone enough to have accounted for its failure to achieve a great circulation—that it never had more than 11,000 readers at any time under Mr. Godkin's and Mr. Garrison's management. Fortunately for its future existence, it fell, after sixteen years, into the hands of owners who not only put principles above profits but gave absolute freedom of control and utterance to its editors. They were willing to have it tilt at new and old wrongs and they valued it only as it cut to the bone in exposing shams and falsities; it never took too radical a stand for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Villard.

But the fact that *The Nation* of 1865 was prepared to challenge much in the existing order and that it was edited by an Irishman led to trouble from the outset and stamped it a disturbing influence in the community. A Richmond daily at once declared that its modest capital was made up of "British gold" supplied, as Mr. Godkin quoted it, for the purpose of "overthrowing our glorious, etc."—there are many who still think it bent on overthrowing our glorious Republic, our glorious self-satisfaction, our glorious belief that everything in America is perfect beyond all cavil. Many similar charges appeared in the first year of *The Nation's* life. Within a month Mr. Godkin protested at the "countenance which seems to be given in Boston to the semi-barbarous practice of taking the editor by the throat when anything objectionable in matters of taste and opinion appears in his paper, and digging into his private life in search of unworthy motives." In the sixth issue of *The Nation*, August 10, 1865, this editor was already so embattled as to have to express himself thus in his own defense:

> Of one thing our experience fully satisfies us. There is throughout the country an enthusiastic desire for an "independent" and "impartial" paper, which shall always take each reader's own side of every question. It is impossible for anybody who is not in constant contact with the public to understand how widely diffused this feeling is; and the bitterness of the complaints which come in, when it takes somebody else's side, are evidently due to a sort of vague impression that when a man subscribes for a newspaper or review the editor enters, by implication, into an agreement to supply him with his (the subscriber's) own opinions ready cooked.

All of which protests availed Mr. Godkin not at all—how could they? The criticisms that he bewailed, and the attitude of the ordinary subscriber which he set forth, are the daily experience of the present editor, the sixth this journal has had, as they have been of every other. Human nature does not change in such matters, only human recollection. Mr. Godkin was anathema to many from the day that he began his editorial career, for he was radical on a number of issues, he applied the yardstick of his foreign experience (and in those days America was far more sensitive to criticism from the European standard than is the case today), he compromised not at all, he had singularly high ideals, and he had vision. Now, all of these things are, in journalism, deadly sins. He who is possessed of them must be prepared for unpopularity, for non-success, for being writ down a scribe and a Pharisee. For his non-

A Message from G. B. S.


It is certainly unwise that so outspoken a journal as The Nation should have survived for 60 years in a country where Truth is tarred and feathered, lynched, imprisoned, clubbed, and ostracised as undesirable three times a week or so. The only encouragement I can offer you is that sixty has a better chance of reaching seventy than fifty of reaching sixty I have been through both myself; and I know
G. Bernard Shaw. 12/5/25.

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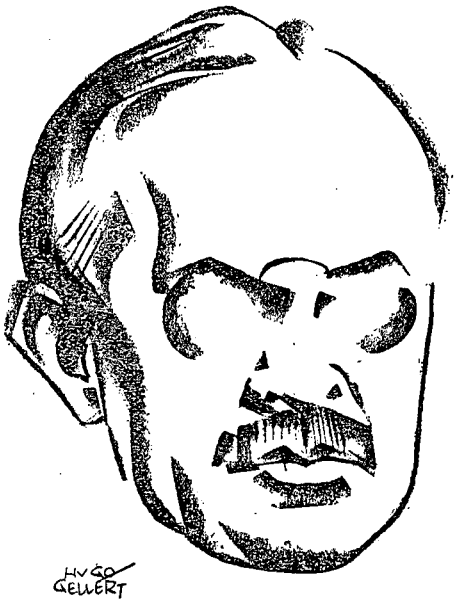
conformity he must be prepared to pay the price at all times, just as Mr. Godkin and his staff did.

The charge that he was subventioned by British gold pursued Mr. Godkin to the end of his career—he became editor of the New York *Evening Post* in 1882. His British birth was the simple explanation of many a criticism of America which was born of the most ardent Americanism, in its highest and noblest sense, that could possibly be found in the American press. It amused him in his old age to remember the charge, seriously printed, that he daily called the staff of the *Evening Post* together to sing "God Save the Queen" before beginning the editorial council—in 1918 it was alleged that the tune had been changed to "Deutschland über Alles." To the very end of his career he was written down a carping critic satisfied with nothing, a cynic, a pessimist, a "little-American," a traitor, one always destructive and never constructive, and all the rest. The recently published letters of Roosevelt and Lodge reveal how wicked those American worthies thought the great editor of *The Nation*. Writing to Lodge on November 16, 1892, the future President said:



OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

> I read an article in the New York *Nation* the other day so foolish, so malignant, so deliberately mendacious, and so exultant that it fairly makes we writhe to think of the incalculable harm to decency that scoundrelly paper, edited by its scoundrelly chief, Godkin, has done.

From which it would appear that Mr. Godkin had trod on somebody's toes. And once in 1898 the McKinley Cabinet was in session for a morning to decide whether it should arrest Mr. Godkin and the editors of *The Nation* and the *Evening Post*, and Mr. Samuel Bowles and his staff of the *Springfield Republican*, for treason in time of war—Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, subsequently informed me of this fact.

So when I hear people bewailing the departure of the present-day *Nation* from the conservative standards and the conformist point of view of the earlier *Nation*, I know at once that those critics never read *The Nation* in the "good old days" of which they speak. For Mr. Godkin not only had an exceedingly exacerbating style; he every now and then said things which profoundly shocked people of good form. He began by writing himself down a "nigger-lover," for the earliest issues of his paper were given to an ardent championship of the demand that the Negro be enfranchised forthwith. He, the aristocrat of the press, a man of highest intellectual attainments, actually wanted to have every last untutored, black freedman given the right to vote, yes, to vote in all his rags and in his ignorance, with his total lack of any training for citizenship except that provided by master or overseer. Such was the measure of his faith in democracy and universal male suffrage. He early shocked people by refusing to accept the Republican Party, savior of the Republic that it was, at its own face value. Protection had then not become the fetish and the prolific source of privilege and blackmail it has since grown to be, but Mr. Godkin's radicalism went to the furthermost limit—he was until his death for absolute free trade. In the matter of the civil service he was one of the first to take the dangerously new and radical viewpoint that the offices ought not to be the spoils of political victory—which was, of course, described as a brazen effort to saddle a bureaucracy upon America.

But he did not stop with this shocking of the conservatives. Having been an eyewitness of two wars, notably The Crimean, he came to abhor war in its every form. He once actually wrote that the soldier's trade would some day be ranked where it belonged —"next after the hangman's," a sentiment that would have put him in jail not so long ago and would at best have made him socially impossible today in many of the *salons* he once graced. As for the modern hundred-percentism, the worship of the flag, the enthronement of the President as a sacrosanct being, and our generally pitiful imitation of foreign imperialism and rampant nationalism, there was nothing against which he launched so readily his barbed arrows. So he opposed not only the war with Spain but President Cleveland's mad proposal that we go to war with England over an unheard-of boundary dispute in Venezuela.

When he began devoting his attention to the political conditions in New York City he turned his guns upon the citadels of privilege and of wealth by showing that the bosses were allowed to wreak their will in and on the greatest city of America because they were owned and financed by crooked corporations and their officials. Naturally, only a part of this fight was carried in the columns of *The Nation* because of the limited space of a weekly, but it did its share, and as I survey Mr. Godkin's career I do not believe that he ever rendered a fine service to America. Had the term been invented then he must have repeatedly been called a Bolshevist. A radical he certainly was, save only in the field of labor and along certain economic lines. This was not unnatural, for he grew up in the Manchester school and, as Mr. J. A. Hobson has pointed out, Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone were so filled with the spirit of revolt against the artificial restrictions upon individual liberty by class governments that they failed to recognize "in the distribution of the ownership of land and capital, the control and motivation of industry, and the visible class cleavages thus created, social diseases even deeper seated than those which engaged their reforming energies."

To belabor the point is needless. I venture only to point out further that many of the so-called revolutionary changes in *The Nation* in 1918 were merely a return to its original plans and, in some degree, to its original make-up. The earlier years of *The Nation* were its richest. After it became affiliated with the *Evening Post* in 1881 it lost much of its spontaneity and under Wendell Phillips Garrison's influence (1881-1905) it became less and less polemical and more and more the organ of an intense scholarship—not forgetting still to advocate unpopular and far-reaching reforms such as woman suffrage. What he did for scholar-

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ship in America was declared inestimable by many a scholar on Mr. Garrison's retirement, yet there was almost no official university recognition of this life of extraordinary devotion to literary and scholarly ideals. He, the son of William Lloyd Garrison, ranked, of course, as a radical and a dissenter.

Wendell Phillips Garrison, one of the most devoted, self-controlled, and self-effacing of men, who ordered his own life with extraordinary asceticism and gave everything there was in him for thirty-five years to *The Nation*, hoped ardently that it would die with him—until he found that his successor was to be Hammond Lamont. To know Mr. Lamont was to conceive the highest opinion of his intellectual integrity, his devotion to truth, his readiness to meet any new issue or cult and to challenge it to prove that its doctrines, or *The Nation's* preconceived ideas, were wrong. Under this admirable character, with its extraordinary combination of a judicial temperament and passionate championship of certain causes, *The Nation* began to flower again, its circulation rising slowly from low-water mark. Unfortunately Mr. Lamont's untimely death, as he was reaching the fulness of his powers, ended his career just as he was beginning to reach out and to impress his individuality more strongly upon this weekly. *The Nation's* debt to him can never be forgotten. Nor can the present management fail to record once more its indebtedness to Paul Elmer More and Harold de Wolf Fuller. They had their visions and their policies and they held to them ably and honestly—as gentlemen and editors ought all to do.

As for the revolution in *The Nation* of 1918, the most significant facts about it were its resumption of its separate existence and its rebirth in the middle of the war which altered the world and achieved none of its purposes. It is not for me to pass upon the worth of its achievements since. No one realizes better than its staff of 1925 its present shortcomings. It has no longer the note of pure scholarship, perhaps not that of deep political knowledge. Its editors would be the last to compare themselves to Edwin Lawrence Godkin and his associates in either training or skill in presentation. But they yield to no one in their passion for human liberty and for international brotherhood and righteousness. If they do not see eye to eye with Mr. Godkin and Mr. Garrison in matters of labor or of economics, it is not because they deem their judgments infallible, but because times have changed and new problems, which the elder generation could not have foreseen, challenge all thinking men.

Finally, they heartily rejoice when they find *The Nation* and its editors blacklisted by the reactionaries and denounced as destructive critics who seek to "overthrow our glorious, etc." For it makes them feel that their blows are occasionally telling; that possibly they have at times reached the midriff as did Mr. Godkin's rapier so regularly, and that they are, in their own way and in some degree, following in the footsteps of the two founders who never knew what it was to compromise or to count the cost. What more priceless heritage than that could one generation of editors bequeath or another receive?

The Heroic Age

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

IS it possible to have a heroic age without heroes? If so, it is perhaps not inappropriate to place the heroic age of the new *Nation* in the unhappy far-off times of 1918-1919, times of war and revolutionary upheaval, times when the church blessed mass slaughter and the universities scientifically taught hate, times when, in consequence, unpopular opinions often meant tar and feathers or a beating up by patriotic thugs. Now, *The Nation* had always held unpopular opinions, and held them proudly—defiantly, if need be—from those very earliest times when Mr. Godkin was fighting a brave battle for free trade and civil-service reform among a people besotted with protective plunder and the spoils of office. But *The Nation's* opinions had never been more unpopular than in those days when it stood for a just peace of reconciliation while all about it surged the roaring flood of public passion hell-bent on victory alone, stood for truth amid the raging storm of lies religiously whipped up by every possible agency of public and private mendacity, stood for tolerance and fair play amid a mob who called tolerance treason and labeled fair play pro-bolshevism. It is not that *The Nation* was always right, though I think that its major positions have already been vindicated.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

It is not that we possessed any monopoly of righteous emotions, though I can say with all honesty that we fought the best fight we knew how for all the truth we could find, and fought it, too, without rancor against a host of enemies who would have crushed us without compunction had they been able. But the days demanded, above all, courage in the servants of unpopular truth, and though they might call us slackers, no honest man ever dared call us cowards.

Perhaps the hardest thing was to follow your own judgment and convictions against the judgment of men whose thought you respected almost more than your own—and particularly when no one could certainly tell what was right, and when every government in the war was using its unrestrained power to make you believe lies, to the supreme end of victory. You wondered, is the whole world wrong, or am I? For comfort and assurance you sometimes sought the company of the little group of like-minded doubters.

It was in January, 1918, just as the old bonds were breaking, that I came to *The Nation*, came without the slightest experience in such editorial work. Four weeks later, with rare daring, trusting my cheerful assurance that I couldn't wreck *The Nation* in a month, the editor de-

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parted on a thirty-day speaking trip through the West, leaving the paper to my tender mercies—and God took care of us. The anxious months of the spring and early summer wore on, while the military situation grew more tense. Every mail brought us batches of cancelations from grieved and scandalized oldest subscribers. We pushed ahead, and our issue for July 6 announced the entire separation of *The Nation* from the New York *Evening Post*. We had cut loose from the last of the old moorings. Thenceforth we must sink or swim alone—and the morning mail always made it look extraordinarily like sinking.

Then Mr. Burleson came to our aid. We irreverently referred to the late Mr. Gompers, who was touring Europe with the blessing of our government, as a bagman of the war. A vigilant and stupid censor pounced down on us and held up our issue for five days, till the President himself, according to report, freed it—but not till after the editor had shown fight. Our attempted suppression marked the nadir of liberty of the press. Meanwhile the news reports of our fight had advertised *The Nation* all over the country, and our circulation began to climb. *The Nation* had suddenly ceased to be what our London correspondent once described with entire accuracy, but with unconscious humor, as "a periodical that lies on the table in college libraries."

Another month, and we started the International Relations Section, under the greatest difficulties, and in the face of a universal government conspiracy of silence. Friends who for twenty years had deserved well of every good cause made it financially possible, and we began publishing foreign documents that could be had nowhere else in the United States, though we had no extraordinary facilities for getting them. We fed real foreign news to a public hungry for facts, for years systematically starved of such facts by government censorship. Thenceforth even our enemies—and under our wholly independent auspices, with the flag of peace and reconciliation nailed to our masthead, they multiplied like flies in summer—even those who hated us worst had to come to us for facts at a time when facts were most unwelcome to those in authority. The circulation manager began to smile, but all the while the deficit mounted threateningly.

The armistice and the departure of the editor for the peace conference only brought fresh difficulties in the office. The utter disorganization of mails, interrupted cable communication, and censorship, together with the multiplicity of immediate and insoluble world problems for which we had to furnish a final solution every Thursday morning—and a solution, too, that would not do violence to the deepest convictions of an absent and inaccessible editor, to say nothing of our own—made those months a time when we in the office occasionally thought that the best thing would be to go away and study astronomy. Sometimes devoted readers (of the newer type) tell me of the help they got from our consistent policy in those days. I recall the uncertainties and disagreements in our editorial council at 20 Vesey Street, the blundering gropings after truth—and I remember with gratitude that God looks after fools and children and the United States.

One cold December afternoon a Russian business man turned up at the office. How much would we give him for a book of laws and decrees of the Soviet Government? Not so much as he thought them worth. How had he got them past our sleepless censor? By tearing the book into separate leaves and crumpling them up as packing for his baggage on his recent journey from Vladivostok. Might we have the documents competently examined? Yes, he thought we might.

Next day Providence again helped us. A patriarchal-looking man, a translator in the Library of Congress, in New York for a few days, dropped in to urge us to publish in the International Relations Section translations of Russian documents that were being received by the library. We showed him our mysterious book of laws. Oh, yes; the library had all those, and more too. Thereafter our first visitor held his book at lower price. We printed a collection of the decrees in our issue of December 28, 1918; and followed them with Russia's new constitution on January 4, 1919. For February 1 we had to print just double the number of copies that we issued on January 4. We began to see *The Nation* as a rival of the *Saturday Evening Post*, but we soon learned wisdom, though not without cost to our absent editor and proprietor, who paid the bills.

It was an exciting winter, and I suppose that nobody enjoyed that dark period more heartily than we did, as we hammered away week by week at the iniquity that was being shaped in Paris, and as we dragged to light carefully hidden facts that we dug up from every out-of-the-way corner of the world. The editor's letters gave the country some of its earliest real information concerning revolutionary Germany. We saw armed intervention in Mexico impending. A bold editorial, to our great delight, brought a counter-blast from the oil men, against whom we had made no charges, provided us with a fresh crop of enemies, and incidentally brought us a visit from a delightful lady who had just been touring Mexico (in the pay of those same enemies) and who was eager to enlighten our darkness. We lambasted the inanities of the Overman Committee broadcasting drivel about Russia, and we poked fun at the incredible Archie Stevenson, who counted that day lost in which he had not discovered a new mare's nest. We kept busy, we told the truth, so far as we could discover it, no matter whom it hit, and we said what we thought about things at a time when most periodicals had made themselves into mere government megaphones. And if the common people did not hear us gladly, at least the uncommon ones did.

At last the peace conference was over, and President Wilson brought home the treaty. Our editor, too, returned, and we took up with even greater vigor the fight against the iniquitous and foolish pact of Versailles, not with the slightest hope, at first, that its ratification could be prevented, but simply with the idea that it was our task to fight international wrong-doing. For once we were on the winning side. It is only fair to say, I think, that we helped make it the winning side.

The currents of popular hatred, so sedulously stirred up, and so skilfully directed against the Germans, were then turned with amazing swiftness against the economic and social "radicals." We had the witch-burning mania of the Lusk Committee, and the anti-Red propaganda that wrecked the steel strike. We had the government breaking its pledged word in order to break the coal strike, and we had business coming back into its own, determined to teach labor a lesson after the war debauch. *The Nation*, as usual, found itself on the unpopular side, defending the constitutional rights of "Wobblies" and "Wops," of political prisoners, of browbeaten strikers, of helpless aliens. And, as

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usual, it was cursed for advocating doctrines that it never espoused, but whose utterance it rightly held to be lawful.

The revolutionary unrest that ran through all Europe in 1919 was not without its feeble stirrings here. The sober and godly, believing still in force, sat grimly behind their riot guns, terrified yet determined. *The Nation* greeted the movement with sober joy, not as the precursor of violent change but, too hopefully perhaps, as the assertion by common men of a well-justified claim to a fuller life. We hoped too much, but it was a generous and noble hope, and, by contrast with the selfish craven fear that drove on many of the masters of our industrial life, it appears only the finer. As I turn again the pages we wrote in those days, I see nothing for which we need apologize; only I see occasion for regret that the common man, and the uncommon one too, were not able to live up to what we hoped of them. It is an old story, and because humanity goes on hoping, it goes on forward.

Yes, they were great days, and *The Nation*, boldly facing the new day with a new policy and outlook, lived up to its traditions. We who had a chance to help make it what it was in those days were grateful because we could speak truth as we saw it in a world where few had such freedom. Whatever our mistakes, they were not those of cowardice, pusillanimity, or voluntary ignorance. And at a time when everyone was unhappy because he was compromising with evil and falsehood, we were happy because we were fighting as best we knew how for truth without evasion. It was a great fight. It is good to have had part in it.

Books and *The Nation*

By CARL VAN DOREN

WHILE I cannot claim to be one of those oldest subscribers who are the backbone and the terror of any magazine, I have been a reader of *The Nation* for precisely one-third of its existence and one-half of my own. Moreover, I was its literary editor for three exciting years, and for three more have been associated with it, particularly with its literary department, on terms which have made me feel as close as a brother, if not, at times, even closer. And when I remember the hours I have spent scouring its files for material on the history of American literature, I do not hesitate to claim for myself some degree of familiarity with its critical career. These facts I state, with proper modesty, as my excuse for the superlative upon which I hereby venture. That superlative is: *The Nation* has set itself, and has held to, a higher standard of book reviewing than any other American or British review has ever done over a period of sixty years.

By Bertrand Zadig

CARL VAN DOREN

The anonymity of its reviews during the early days hid from the public the eminence of its reviewers. Among them, however, were the weightiest scholars of the universities, particularly of Harvard, whom Godkin enlisted in his new venture. Howells, back from his Italian consulship, and Henry James, still see-sawing between two continents, lent their delicate pens at the outset. In time came William James, learned and audacious, and the three Adams brothers, who were as learned as anybody and so audacious that they set the fathers of the republic revolving in their austere tombs. The list of all the writers who reviewed books for *The Nation* in its first quarter century would amount virtually to a list of all the critical writers who adorned the last quarter century of America's silver age of literature, from the close of the Civil War to the more disturbed and argumentative nineties. If the next generation was perhaps less eminent, it was not less expert. The nature of the change is to be found in the fact that American literature had arrived at a point where a division of labor had become necessary. Poets like Longfellow and Lowell could no longer be expected to carry the added burden of criticism which those men carried. Some created, and some criticized; few did both. The natural tendency for *The Nation*, with its tradition of expertness, was to become more and more interested in critical and learned books, and to grow more and more minute in its discussions.

This tendency was interrupted by the break in 1918, which reconcentrated the attention of the paper upon international chicanery and upon the danger to civil liberties of unrestrained majorities, which turned its attention to phases of economic exploitation not hitherto regarded as so important. With the break went a large increase in circulation, among readers, furthermore, who were notably concerned in the creative and speculative aspects of current literature, rather than with the erudite and technical. The literary department of *The Nation*, not so quick to respond to the change as its political columns, nevertheless gradually did respond. It had the tact to see that its task was not to become less expert but to carry its old expertness into wider fields. For the past half dozen years it has gone on the assumption that, though it might not be called upon to examine every treatise or encyclopedia, it was called upon to examine every outstanding novel or play or book

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of poems or philosophy or religion or political planning or economic reconstruction with the same precision which it would formerly have used with a treatise or an encyclopedia. That the department has always been correct in its opinions under the new regime no one associated with it would think of contending. Vigor, of course, not correctness, is the mark of good critical, as it is the mark of good creative, writing. And *The Nation* has been almost uniformly vigorous. Mere noisiness, indeed, it has eschewed, as it has eschewed the easy triumphs of singularity. It has preferred, instead, the weight of criticism which comes from the marriage of only two qualities: knowledge and reason. Though the reviewers make little parade of learning, they are as a rule actually learned, rarely surprised into thinking an idea novel to the world merely because it is novel to them, and unlikely to touch a book upon any topic concerning which they have not already read many books. With this initial advantage, they combine the further advantage of exact analysis which they owe not only to their own habits but to the freedom of statement which *The Nation* permits them. The combination wants nothing further to make it ideal except an edged and rapid style. This the literary department has at least regularly sought for, and often found.

Though I say this of the department as lately administered, I could as well be saying it about the department from the first, so far as its methods go. The distinction often drawn between the "new" *Nation* and the "old" *Nation* seems to me somewhat meaningless. There is, for example, the remark sometimes made that the paper under Godkin had an array of contributors not to be matched by any similar array since 1918. This, I believe, is an illusion of time. When Howells came upon the staff he was an obscure young man, as was Henry James in those years. Their fame rose later. If I were a prophet, I should be willing to prophesy that in 1985 the list of *Nation* reviewers between 1918 and 1925 will look as distinguished as the list between 1865 and 1872 or any other septennium in its record. I would go further and say that this later list promises to have a livelier look than the old list. To mention only one reviewer and one review, I doubt that any critic has ever written more dashingly for the literary department than Preserved Smith or that any discussion of a book has been more searching and yet readable than that devoted in 1920 to Wells's "Outline of History." And in general, it seems clear to me that the group of writers who have lately commented upon literary matters for *The Nation*, though some of them are as obscure as Howells was in 1866, are certain to emerge a long way from obscurity as they grow older.

These same writers have written also for other critical journals. *The Nation* has to sustain an amount of rivalry today which it did not have even to dream of sixty years ago, for the republic of letters is more populous, more varied, and more active than it then was in the United States. No review can now claim unchallenged priority. One is more bulky and timely, perhaps, than the others; one more diversified in the range of books it notices; one more generous in the space it allots to individual books; one more personal and assertive; one more nearly the organ of some special coterie. Though I cannot, writing in *The Nation*, quite decently discuss this rivalry in detail, I can at least say that on those occasions when I have seen a single reviewer notice a book for *The Nation* and for some other review as well, I have almost invariably found that his best work did not go elsewhere. Often given less space in *The Nation*, he would generally say more. He would be more evidently on guard against lax assertions. He would be customarily more thoroughgoing and outspoken.

I admit that I here hint at what may be called *Nation* virtues, and I know that there are other softer, sweeter, kinder, more optimistic virtues. Indeed, throughout the paper's history it has had the reputation of being exacting if not cantankerous. Roosevelt, for example, hated it for its drastic assaults upon such ways of compromise as he liked to practice under cover of a tumult in behalf of righteousness. Nor have *The Nation's* opponents generally been mollified by realizing in the end that it and not they was justified by the outcome. So in the matter of book-reviewing, it must often have irritated many persons to see that *The Nation* refused to take certain windy reputations seriously and that it insisted upon praising certain authors whom the public overlooked. But it has held emphatically to its principles of rigor. Even where it was plainly in the wrong, as in its reviews of the first part of Thomas Hardy's "Dynasts" and of Theodore Dreiser's earlier books, it has at least made its stand in a fashion to be respected if not approved. Its faults have been almost always the defect of its virtues.

This, perhaps, is as much as may be asked of any critic or critical organ. Criticism is a trying art. All around it flows the stream of creation. It is a violent, incalculable stream, coming from a head no one has discovered and moving toward a level about which no one can be sure. Often it is but partly intelligible. It leaves few permanent traces, cuts many new banks, now lags and now rushes, deposits strange sediments, sweeps away ancient landmarks. The critic, though he thinks he is fixed upon some rock in midchannel, may find out that he is suddenly adrift in a spinning boat or that he has been left stranded unaware. He can trust to no provisions for his adventure besides such knowledge as he has been able to obtain from a study of the past behavior of the torrent. He can trust to no method for his art except the method of reason. His temptation is either to drift complacently or else to deny that there is any current. Both temptations are fatal. To be a critic at all, he must work with the tools he has, no matter what the rest of the world may think of his performance. This *The Nation*, it seems to me, has done. If it has resisted more than it has flattered, that is what knowledge and reason always combine to do. And for sixty years books at large have fared better from *The Nation* than they could have fared from a merely amiable review.

Dusk

By S. FOSTER DAMON

Through the dull dusk my loved one stole
Into the graveyard. Tenderly
She bent, searching knoll and knoll;
But each time the crumbling soul
Answered: "I am not he."

She found the grave she sought for soon—
My grave—but silent was my voice.
An hour then under the sickle moon
She sang tune after familiar tune,
Hoping I might rejoice.

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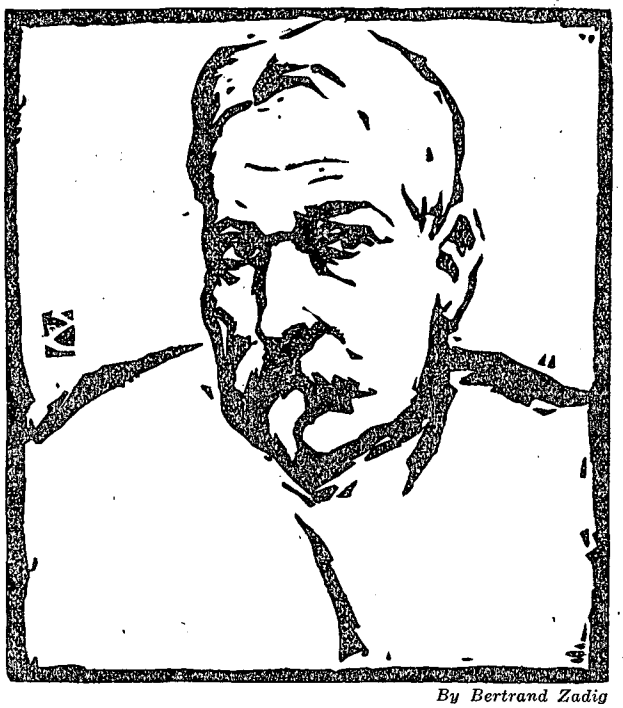
"Just a Few Words"

For *The Nation's* Sixtieth Birthday

London, May 7

DEAR VILLARD: I cannot say how many happy returns —returns in every sense, except copies sent back—I wish yourself and your paper. Sixty! Believe me that is a fine age; and to have kept a reputation all those years! I too am sixty, and over. But I am as fresh as a lark or your paper. You never know what may happen to you at sixty. The other day Captain Amundsen urged me to fly with him to the North Pole. I replied I was too young to begin Arctic exploration yet, but would consider it when I came to maturity. Except for its wisdom and knowledge, your paper is very much like me. In its love of freedom and its moderation, exactly like.



By Bertrand Zadig

HENRY W. NEVINSON

I suppose that is why I have taken it so long, and have always been so delighted when you have asked me to write for you. But let me tell you what I do in the way of reading and writing now —in journalism, I mean. Every morning at 7:30 an invisible hand pushes the *Times* and the *Daily Herald* through my letter-box. I take the *Times* because it is such a decent old institution, and has returned to the paths of virtue since Lord Northcliffe's death. You lively Americans may call it dull, but oh, it is so deserving! Everyone who follows "The Public Life," on which my old friend J. Alfred Spender has just published so excellent a book, must of necessity read the *Times*. On the whole it has the best foreign correspondence all over the world, and long experience has taught me how difficult is a foreign correspondent's work. It is never finished. Morning, noon, and night the wretched man is kept continually on the strain of anxiety. Suppose he is in the Balkans. Hardly has he sent off his last wire and settled down in bed when there is a revolution, or a cathedral is blown up with a disturbing bang, or the telephone summons him to the Prime Minister, or a messenger crashes at his door with a telegram from his editor in London demanding details of the fighting, which has not yet begun. I have suffered all that. I know the lot of a foreign correspondent, how restless it is. Yet the foreign news in the *Times* is nearly always good, except perhaps when the correspondent is excluded from the country he has to tell about, as now from Russia.

And then the "leaders"—as a rule how sensible they are! Of course I hardly ever agree with them, but that does not matter. I recognize their general good sense and fairness. Reading them is like talking to a worthy old gentleman in one of our most comfortable clubs—not a sporting or literary club, but one like the Carlton or Reform or Devonshire. It gives you the opinion of the solid, well-dressed, kindly old boy, who knows nothing about the "lower classes," but would like to see them doing the necessary work of the country under happy and contented conditions. And then those "middles"—those nice little essays that go in as the third or fourth "leader" every morning, new as the love of God! How sweet and gentle they are! With what a sense of style and literature they pervade the day! But I never read them.

Besides, I always like to hear what dear old Walkley (A. B. W.) has to say about the drama, for his quotations from Aristotle and Molière remind me of my happy boyhood. And he gives me a sense of permanence, for he was writing just the same thirty years ago. And, again, in the *Times* one finds such excellent letters on vital and diverse subjects, such as plovers' eggs, Anglo-Catholicism, rating, Kenya Colony, women's stockings, the Gold Standard, or the first cuckoo heard in Surrey. How could one live without that fine confused feeding for the mind? And occasionally, following the "leaders," comes some special article written with such knowledge and freedom that one is astonished at the editor's boldness in inserting it. Such was the article last Monday upon Huxley and his centenary. I read and read, expecting some qualification of the praise, some admission that the great biologist had been mistaken in his assaults upon orthodoxy, but none came. The article was of a piece throughout, and I remember the time when it would have wrecked any British paper.

But also, as I said, the invisible hand thrusts the *Daily Herald* into my letter-box, folded up in the *Times*, like a child's powder in jam. I look at the *Herald* because I belong to the Labor Party, and the *Herald* is its organ. It shows the general tendency of Labor desires and Labor criticisms. Sometimes it has a good article from a Labor leader, and the comic or satiric verses by that woman, "Tom Fool," nearly always hit the mark. Its sporting news is thought fairly good too, though I did once go to the Derby with its racing expert and two women who by following the expert's counsel lost all the money they put on. But somehow the paper is not the success it ought to be. I admit all the difficulties in the way of any Labor paper—the want of good advertisements, the consequent shabbiness in appearance, the general seriousness that rather

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frightens the working man, and the persistent note of complaint, always so wearisome in man, woman, child, or paper. I see the difficulties, but I do wish the *Herald* had greater influence; for in fact it has little.

About an hour after the arrival of the *Times* and its antidote, a cycle draws up at my front gate (don't think me purse-proud, but I have a back gate too, though it is never used except by the dustman), and, dismounting the cycle, a boy inserts a copy of the *Manchester Guardian*. It has reached London by the night train from Manchester, with about 20,000 other copies, I believe, but I do not suppose the boy is aware that in the sack slung on his back he carries the greatest daily paper in the world. You will think that vain boasting, because I have done such a lot of work for the paper in various parts of the world, including your own peculiar country. But I am too old for vanity and as to boasting, let others speak. Two nights ago, at the dinner of the Newspaper Society in London, our present Prime Minister, a fair-minded man and yet a Tory, quoted the following words as his ideal of the highest journalism:

> Fundamentally the conduct of a newspaper implies honesty, cleanness, courage, fairness, the sense of duty to the reader and the community. The newspaper's primary office is the gathering of news. At the peril of its soul it must see that the supply is not tainted. Neither in what it gives, nor in what it does not give, nor in the mode of presentation, must the unclouded face of truth suffer wrong. Comment is free, but facts are sacred. Propaganda, so called, by this means is hateful. The voice of opponents, no less than that of friends, has a right to be heard. Comment also is justly subject to a self-imposed restraint. It is well to be frank. It is even better to be fair.

After quoting that passage, Mr. Baldwin continued:

> Those are noble words, and it is counsel possibly of perfection, but in that is the ideal of the highest type of English journalism, which is the highest type in the world, and they are the words of Scott of the *Manchester Guardian*.

Well indeed does C. P. Scott deserve that high praise, all the more remarkable in coming from the leader of his political opponents. I think Massingham was the greatest editor I have ever worked under—so impulsive, passionate, courageous, and yet at heart so fair, so placable when justice was at last accomplished. But in Scott I do recognize a solid dignity and a confidence in righteousness which were sometimes obscured by Massingham's passionate detestation of wrong. And what a paper the "*M. G.*" always has been and steadily continues! How full of quiet wisdom! How accurately written! Abounding in what variety and charm! And on two pages at least illustrated with reproductions that are the astonishment of all the picture papers in London. The only fault of Scott is that he is old. I believe he still cycles the three miles from his house to the office every day, edits the paper, writes a leader, and cycles back at night. It is magnificent, but he cannot choose but be old. I fear he is some ten years older even than myself.

Then again, on Friday morning, wrapt up with the *Times* and the *Herald*, comes the *New Leader*, best of the Labor weeklies, edited by my friend Brailsford, my doughty comrade in so many embattled fields both of war and politics. All the world knows the man's courage and pertinacity; not so many know, as I know, his extreme sensitiveness, his wide knowledge of music and art, his love of the best literature, and his acute perception of beauty in every form. In old days he foretold that neither of us would ever be an editor, chiefly owing to our reputation for violence—so false a reputation in my case, but in his partly true, as is seen in his hair that always stands on end, like a Russian revolutionist's. Yet his prophecy was right in my case, but wrong in his. The *New Leader* that he has edited from its foundation is nominally the organ of the "I. L. P." (Independent Labor Party) that is supposed to be the thrusting spear-point of the Labor Party whether in office or opposition. His small staff, of which I have the honor to be one, meets every Monday for lunch in the "1917 Club," founded at the time of the first successful Russian revolution. There the members of the staff, usually including one or two "distinguished strangers," discuss the prominent subjects of the week, and as far as possible formulate a policy, the editor of course retaining supreme and final control. It is something like the old London *Nation* lunch under Massingham, or like your own lunch in the beautiful upper chamber that I remember with such pleasure. As on similar occasions, I generally sit silent, because my mind moves more slowly than others, and I usually think of my witty observations on the way home. Also the discussions are often on points of doctrine or other abstractions, which belong to a higher world than mine. For sight is my only faculty, and doctrines or abstractions sometimes pass out of sight.

Some complain that the *New Leader* is a trifle "high-browed" for the working man. I think they are wrong. Some of the articles, like Bertrand Russell's on Epstein, may have puzzled the average worker, but they were utterly incomprehensible to me also, and I think the brains of the average working man, especially in the North, are every bit as good as mine. However, perhaps for this reason, or because Brailsford's staff are not "advanced" enough for the Left Wing, dear old George Lansbury, whom I have called "The Last of the Christians," and who is the only man I can endure to call me "brother," has lately started a rival called *Lansbury's Workers' Weekly*, and it is running well on lines of sweetness, general benevolence, and all-share-alike. I suppose our party cannot have too many papers, and certainly what we want most is a first-rate Sunday paper, containing all the news and all the suitable comments—a paper that the British workman may really enjoy reading on his one leisure morning, and the British workwoman may also enjoy on her leisure afternoon when she has cooked the Sunday dinner and done the washing-up.

For Sunday, I myself always read the *Observer*, a paper that the spirit and resolution of J. L. Garvin have raised from the depths to become the finest weekly in the country. He is an extraordinary man. Have you ever trained a colt? You tie him by a long rope and let him run. He runs this way and that, dashing off in all directions, or circling round you, enough to make you dizzy. But by degrees he grows reasonable, and if you give him rope enough, instead of hanging himself, he learns to keep the road and trot or canter along quite prettily. Garvin often reminds me of such a colt. At first he doesn't care which way he goes provided he goes fast. You see it in his eye, in his talk, in the rapidity of his handwriting. Often enough he starts all wrong, but give him time and he will almost invariably come to hand and take the straight and useful course. Besides, he has a real love of the best literature, and a genuine knowledge of it, and the man who possesses those two qualities cannot go far wrong. I write as his opponent at one

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time or another on nearly every political subject, but still as his friend.

Well, dear Villard, those are the British papers I read as a rule. As long as the *Westminster Gazette* was an evening paper, edited by J. A. Spender, I generally read that also, just to keep my balance trim; for I suppose Spender is the most accurately balanced man in the world. I ought to read the *Morning Post* more, for it is excellently written, it represents "Society," aristocracy, and the fastidious or educated scorners of the crowd—just the kind of people I ought to abhor most, and yet I love their charming manners and their satiric wit. Besides H. A. Gwynne, the editor, has been with me in various campaigns, and one always likes a comrade-in-arms. And then there is *Punch.* I try to see that, partly for its occasional joke, partly because Sir Owen Seaman, the editor, was at school with me, and though I am violently opposed to him on every principle, I like him for that ridiculous reason.

Of course there is the *Daily Mail,* too—the *Mail* and all its imitators, which I have neither time nor desire to see. I detest them for many reasons, but especially because they seem to me often to "color their news," in breach of the very principles laid down by C. P. Scott and Mr. Baldwin, as quoted above. The numerous picture-papers seldom concern me, for what do I care whether Countess this has twins, or Marchioness the other keeps lap-dogs, or Lady the third wears a divided skirt when she goes in pursuit of a wretched little fox with thirty or forty large dogs? After all these things do snobs and the vulgar seek, and I admit that snobs and the vulgar are numerous enough to make silliness pay. But, as Virgil said to Dante, let us look and pass. Or rather let us pass without looking.

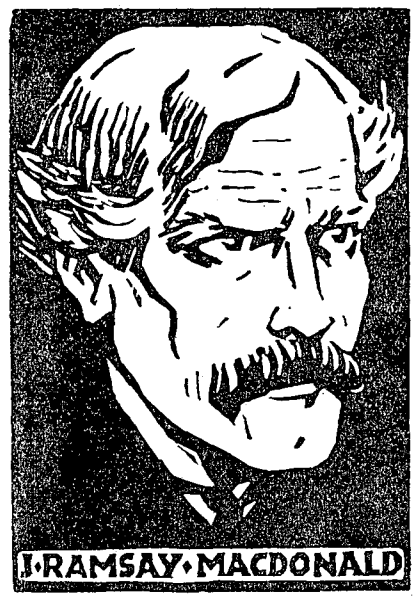
And lastly, dear Villard, there is one other paper that I read every week. It arrives usually on Saturday night, and I spread it over two or three days according to the pressure of my own work that has always to be done against time. I read it to keep me in touch with your complicated but enviable country, and with the many friends whose names appear in its pages from time to time. But I read it especially to maintain the assurance that across the ocean one may find an editor and a staff who in courage, in fair treatment, in the passion for justice, and in the power of expression follow the highest traditions of noble journalism. You may guess that paper's name, for I am, dear Villard, your grateful friend,

HENRY W. NEVINSON

The Only Road to Peace

By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

I OFFER my heartiest congratulations to *The Nation* and hope it has many years of life to give to the service of America and democracy. A journal of intellectual distinction that is both fearless and independent is a precious possession for a nation to have. In these days the press tends to become more and more the property of rich men who use it to advance their own whims and foibles, or to give them the substance of power greater than that of governments and institutions, and so to control the policy of nations as they do menus for their dinners. The call of great causes is thus drowned in the shrieks of fussy stunts, and fever and falsehood take the place of reason and reflection. In these days of adult suffrage, the danger of states does not lie in the ignorance of the neglected masses (always rather a class delusion) but in the gullibility of the semi-educated grades of the middle classes —the people who think that they are somebody. In that broad untilled soil grow the noxious weeds of timorous reaction that shiver and sway in every puff of wind.



From a Woodcut by "Houyhnhm"

The work of *The Nation* has always been to reclaim that soil, and like every doughty cultivator you have been covered with the burrs that grow thick on the weedy land.

I take no sides in your policies. I welcome courage and distinction to whatever party or cause they profess allegiance. I have valued in particular your international spirit expressed from the American standpoint. America is like a city that has stood alone for generations but up to the borders of which, in the due course of time, neighboring cities have grown so that it can no longer remain apart. It will never enter into alliances and get mixed up with other people's affairs, but the world needs its influence and it cannot neglect the world. Its capital has become international; it will seek security and markets; it will more and more look for a world stability in its own interest if for no other reason. Wise is the state, however, which devises a policy in accordance with its sense of justice and of right; and does not content itself with following capitalist adventures or have responsibilities thrust upon it from which it can have no honors and no respect. The British statesman who is to guide his country through the difficulties of the coming generation will have to possess a mind very clear upon this and it is not only British statesmen that are to be so placed.

This moment is unique in its opportunities. Europe has not yet emerged from the war nor will it do so for years. Poverty and unsettlement is the lot of every community—victorious or vanquished—after a war. At the time when I write the docile conservative press in this country is heralding as a piece of fine statesmanship an agreement which it is alleged has been reached by which we are to help France with armed force if its Rhine frontiers are challenged and with diplomatic backing if the boundaries on the east fixed by the Treaty of Versailles come to be disputed, as inevitably they must be. If this report is true, all that it does is to expose the perilous condition of Europe and the utter hopelessness of its existing state of mind. We have had

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our chance to remove the causes of war; we are only taking steps to secure victory when the next war breaks out. Admittedly to all the world, the last war settled nothing, removed no menaces; apparently it only multiplied dangers to be provided against. None of the explosions of the last war have been powerful enough to blow governments out of the old deep militarist ruts, and we are back to 1900 or 1906, consulting the same oracles, resorting to the same remedies, and provoking the same fate. Apparently at Geneva in September the voice of peace will be stilled, and the world will go forth for alliances and armaments to pander for the moment to the nerves of nations and to lead them in the end to inevitable destruction. And the worst of it is that the peoples that are supposed to be punished are only being hardened and tempered on the anvil. We are not beating the life out of them, we are beating the steel into them. These nursery escapades get palmed off upon the world as triumphant statesmanship.

The closer one gets to the realities of government, the more one sees, I think, that the first thing which the reformer with clear conceptions of what he wishes to accomplish has to do is to strengthen the will of the nations to do what is right. A new outlook always rouses fear, and the cry of "Radical" or "Red" can always be raised to overawe our Pilates and stir up our mobs. Risks always look formidable on paper, and no journalist worth his salt can fail to stir up, for any or for no reason, agonies in the breast of his readers. In the taking of risks there is always an alternative—but that is all. No policy which really attacks dangers can be without risks. The only question which intelligent people are asked to answer is: "Which body of risk are we to take?" The question before Europe now is: "Are you going to take the risk of military alliances to defend certain points—for instance, the Rhine frontiers as defined by the Treaty of Versailles; or are you to take that of establishing a general system by which every cause of war will be the subject of arbitration or conciliation?" In view of history, the first risk, I should think, is no risk at all. It is a certainty. If this is the defense that France wants, France is doing nothing more than making its own invasion as sure as anything in this life is sure. The very best thing that happened for the peace of Europe was the refusal of America to join the pact of guaranty arranged at Versailles; the worst thing that is now happening is the revival of that pact. Good soldiers study the tactics and the strategy of battles fought long ago; accepted statesmen appear to study nothing except how to get over the problems of the moment—anyhow and irrespective of consequences. How little has really been learned from the progression of events from 1900 onwards!

For this there are several reasons. One is the myth that Germany was solely responsible for the war. This carries with it a policy regarding Germany which assumes that for the rest of time Germany can be kept in a kind of compound watched by armed warders. This notion of preposterous impossibility is at the back of much of the policy that, for the time being, dominates Europe. If all we care for is the literal fulfilment of the prayer: "Give peace in *our time*, O Lord!" that policy may just see this generation to their graves. But another and more firmly rooted reason is our psychology. Europe is still being taught to trust to arms and a diplomacy that issues from such a trust. It has the best intentions, and those who support it are not lacking in sincerity or good will. The simple fact is that Europe is only frightened enough to rush to arms and not frightened enough to rush away from them. Communities are still, strangely enough, in the cavemen state of mind when fear possesses them, and only men shivering in dark corners dreading what is to come and moved solely by emotion make military alliances and compacts to preserve themselves.

From much of this the Atlantic has preserved America, as indeed the Channel has preserved us from some of it. But as national responsibility and interest widen, and, conversely, as the world shrinks by the thousand new devices for encompassing it, and, still more, as the quickening of the moral conscience proceeds slowly, geographical situation must play a diminishing part in national policy. This century is to be a century of world policy, which will have to be developed alongside of, and consistently with, national self-determination. The state that can combine both will take the lead in the councils of the world. Such a state will for the present be guided by several broad rules:

1. It will give neither countenance nor aid to any military alliance however it is cloaked or by whatever name it is called.
2. It will give no financial or diplomatic backing to any of the militarist developments of today under the guise of providing for national security.
3. It will give what support it can to every attempt to reach general agreements to keep the peace.
4. It will allow no state to treat debts as though they were gifts, though it will help a general liquidation if it has some guaranty that economies, especially in military expenditure, will be practiced.
5. It will frown actively upon traffic in arms.
6. It will not act on the assumption that the war is still on, but will consider the state of Europe objectively; particularly it will avoid the error of assuming that military alliances of convenience indicate friendships which can be counted upon as problem after problem arises for attention. Looking deeply into this European situation, it will see that the goal to aim at is the establishment of a friendship which will reason and tolerate, rather than one of alliance against some dreaded event which is of itself not being removed.

The nation that pursues such a policy and works it out in relation to actual problems, and not merely in sentiment or on paper, is the nation that is to gain honor and authority in the world of the future.

Words to Be Flung Up a Stairway

By ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Never you mind about my milksop heart!
If I no more shall be the full of the door
In your high hallway, O be very sure
That I have learned at least the way to part.
Taller than ever now, and haughtier,
The arrant body smolders, magnified
And swollen by the hot internal pride,
And saying "Ha! Well done, well rid of her!"

So to the street, my body and pride and I
Stumble?—not we, but walk the paving-stones
In rage and passion, feeling in our bones,
Under their singing tension, that whereby
We live and nourish our condign estate—
Our final precious food, the marrow-fat of hate.

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The Policy of France

By EDOUARD HERRIOT

WHAT is the policy of France on the morrow of the elections of our municipal councils? I am glad to explain this through *The Nation* to our friends of the United States, for, as I have often observed, peoples may admire without understanding each other. Just as Frenchmen often have a superficial and erroneous view of American politics, so our American comrades who did so much for us in the last war may be ignorant of the realities of French public life and of the public opinion of our provinces, which is often falsely reflected in the great newspapers of Paris. Yet if the world is really to have the regime of work and peace which it needs, mutual understanding is indispensable.

I am a party man. During my ten months in office I sought to realize a program upon which I was elected, but I would not be so foolish as to believe that my fall from power was more than a banal incident of politics, and I shall attempt to judge without passion—objectively, as they say—the political situation of my country.

The war clarified that political situation. In 1919, after Parliament had voted a strong electoral law which provided neither for majority vote nor for proportional representation, a group came into power which bore the name of the "Bloc National." The pre-war Republican majority suffered a harsh defeat, and the middle parties, as in various other countries, were crushed. One might give several explanations of this event; one is enough. The Socialist Party had not yet cast out the Communist elements from which it has since so brilliantly separated itself. The terror inspired by the Russian Revolution was ably exploited by the conservatives. In one way Socialism aided them. It refused any form of alliance with the Radical Party, which in France corresponds with the British Liberal Party. The coalition of the Bloc National, aided by the electoral law, easily defeated the Radicals and Socialists, who fought under separate banners. For four years this bloc held office. We owe to it the policy of M. Millerand and that of M. Poincaré, as well as the more liberal experiment of M. Briand, which was brusquely interrupted by the incidents to which the conference of Cannes gave rise.

The lesson was hard but healthy for the men of the Left, for the French Democrats. In the course of the last session of Parliament it became clear to them that French policy could not be returned to its traditional course and reestablished in its pre-war equilibrium unless the Left parties in their turn formed a coalition. That is the essential condition of success under the present electoral law. In other words, it was necessary to unite those radicals who had remained in opposition, those who had not rallied to the Bloc National (in politics as in love it is sometimes hard to await one's hour!) with the Socialists who had rid themselves of the Communists and openly broken with the Moscow International. Out of this union grew the "Cartel," which included and still includes four essential groups: the Radical Left, in which Loucheur is the most representative figure; the Radical and Radical Socialist Party, over which I have the honor of presiding; the French Socialist Party, with MM. Painlevé and Aristide Briand; and the United Socialist Party (the French Section of the Second International), led by MM. Léon Blum, Vincent Auriol, and Paul Boncour.

In the elections of May, 1924, this Cartel won a great victory; in its turn it was able to dominate the hostile Bloc National and to provide solid parliamentary majorities for the ministries which followed — provided that the doctrines of the majority were reflected in the acts of the Government. Difficulties arose only because of the contrast between a Chamber of Deputies, which resolutely faced Left, and a Senate, which was infinitely more moderate and strongly anti-Socialist. I can speak of this difference between the two houses with a certain assurance, although without rancor. For to it I owe my fall from office and my return to relative liberty.

The municipal elections of May, 1925, marked a decisive and categorical indorsement of the Cartel and of its policy. The Right cannot deny the gains of the Left-Bloc. These gains were marked not only at Paris and Lyons, in our largest cities, but also in departments like the Ardennes, where the cruel memories of recent invasions might have stirred the nationalist spirit. Bordeaux fell into our hands at one blow. Marseilles, where our opponents attempted to exploit the Communist outbreaks, remained faithful. A great department like the Pas-de-Calais, where our American friends fought so heroically, turned so resolutely to the Left that there, as in the Rhone, every Senator will soon belong to the Cartel. Even the West, where the clerical propaganda had been so active and audacious, brought us unlooked-for gains.

At the same time communism fell to pieces. That confirmed an opinion which I had often expressed, that communism could not take root in our country if the Government followed a determined democratic policy, clearly pacific abroad and devoted to fiscal justice and social progress at home. All the propaganda of the great Paris papers of the Right cannot overcome this indisputable law. It is, incidentally, one of the great mistakes of foreign opinion to believe that France is truly represented in a few old newspapers, malevolent and bigoted, which weigh upon our policy like a dead body and owe their remnant of authority to the timid

A Word From Across the Rhine

Periodicals like The Nation *are the salt of journalism; their courage and enthusiasm accumulate for the rest of the press the moral capital on which it lives. The influence of* The Nation *extends far beyond America. Liberals everywhere owe it a debt. We Germans are happy to acknowledge it on* The Nation's *sixtieth birthday.*

Berlin, June 10 HARRY KESSLER

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complacency of governments which fear their senile pedantries. France is not truly represented in these leaden journals. It lives in the good sense of its villages, in the generous ardor of its workers, in the enthusiasm of its republican youth, in the determination of its ex-soldiers, as devoted to peace as to the honor and security of France.

There is no possible doubt. Twice—and even more strongly in 1925 than in 1924—France has spoken for the policy of the Cartel. Until 1928, when the term of the present Parliament expires, no other policy can claim the support of the country. The only normal action for the Government of France will be that of this group.

The leaders of the opposition, beaten by the voters, may attempt to take their revenge inside Parliament. They can become strong only if the victors are weak or false to their faith. Never has France marked with more force its devotion to the Republican policy of pre-war days, appealing neither to the Right nor to the Communists. Friends of America, do not believe those who tell you that the policy of the Cartel is a step toward communism. That poor bit of polemic was reduced to nothing at the last election. It was the Republicans who defeated the Communists, and they alone.

What is, then, this policy of the Cartel, more vigorous than ever? It asks nothing that is not just. Abroad it asks peace in a world in which the security of France will be assured. We cannot permit our country to remain exposed to future offensives by her enemies of yesterday. The drama which drenched our soil in blood from 1914 to 1918 must not be repeated. We want to be able to work freely within our frontiers. We beg our American friends to understand how legitimate it is for us to speak thus and how necessary it is that we be helped to obtain this indispensable security. But if we are thus ardently patriotic it is still true that we repudiate all imperialism and even all nationalism. We were happy to sign the agreements of London. At Geneva we offered peace to all people in a voice which unfortunately was not sufficiently heeded. We protest against any idea of conquest or annexation. We demand peace through justice. We are ready upon the basis of treaties sincerely respected by both sides to resume or even to develop our relations with a democratic and pacific Germany. We follow with interest efforts like those of Fritz von Unruh. We know that the world will never have a durable peace until France and Germany have been able to reach a sincere reconciliation based on mutual respect.

We also want to see Russia reenter the concert of nations. Beware! Russia is moving forward. An industrial reawakening is making itself felt there. Her budget is being balanced, thanks to the success of monetary reform. The diverse national aspirations of the Ukrainians, of the White Russians, and of the peoples of Asia are developing, and the territory of the Union is tending to grow. Henceforth one may look forward to a possible cooperation between the nationalized industry of Russia and Chinese industry. These are developments to be watched.

At home we want financial justice, to be obtained by applying more and more precisely the fiscal system to which France, perhaps too late, has come. We want to pay our debts. But be just to us! Because of Germany's long bankruptcy poor France, already weighted down by the charges of the war which raged upon her soil, has had to pay from her own pocket the formidable sums required to rebuild her ruins. What people, I ask, has ever known such tragic obligation? So sometimes we seem to bend under the burden. I have known hard hours; my successors perhaps will pass through others. We do not ask such postponements as laziness or bad faith would seek; we ask the credit, even the long credit, which men who are zealously rebuilding a structure destroyed by the cruel will of the enemy feel they deserve. Who among those who have seen France would deny the power of her laboriousness and thrift? Does it not merit confidence in her future?

For we have other tasks, too. We must move forward and give the people who have fought and suffered with so much courage the new institutions which they deserve, develop the school system, organize social insurance, protect childhood and babyhood. If there are lazy folk among us, if the visiting foreigner is sometimes shocked by the vulgarity of certain displays of luxury, I dare plead that the true post-war France is something very different. It is a nation which has broken absolutely with the forms of the past, which would never for a single week endure a monarchist adventure or a Communist enterprise, which intends to remain in the front rank among the nations which want progress, which sets no other condition for the peace of the world than its own security, which is working, through order, toward a new set of social values.

That is the France which the policy of the Cartel represents. That is the France for which I am fighting.

Mexico Today

By PLUTARCO ELIAS CALLES

THROUGHOUT its career *The Nation* has consistently battled for its conception of what was right. In the confusion of ideas that have overwhelmed our present-day world it has taken an advanced position uninfluenced by outworn tradition or intrenched interests. It has therefore come quite naturally to espouse repeatedly and courageously the cause of the weak, of the oppressed, of those whose pleas and yearnings would otherwise have gone unheard. And so, though now ripe in years, it has happily remained young in spirit.

In Mexico, the Mexico emerged from the turmoil of revolution, we are confronted with the problem of making heard and felt, and of answering, the long inaudible cry of a submerged people, a people which throughout centuries was enslaved mentally and physically, politically and economically.

In part the shackles of our people have been broken, but the devastating effect of their long serfdom is still visible on every hand. It is to the task of completely emancipating them, of making them happy, healthy, hopeful men, women, and children, citizens of the republic in the fullest sense of the word, conscious of both their rights and their duties, that the present government is dedicating its every effort.

The task is not an easy or a short one. The evils of the long past are deeply rooted in our midst. Prejudice

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and hostility meet many of our efforts at every turn—opposition from those whose fundamental philosophy is incapable of admitting that every human being has, as your own Declaration of Independence one hundred and fifty years ago so well put it, an inalienable right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Nevertheless, despite all obstacles, we are progressing steadily and shall hold to our course unflinchingly. The economic condition of a great number of our people is still deplorable, but there is hope in their hearts, for they have begun to know and to feel instinctively that the way out and up for them is no longer barred. The premises of our revolution, a revolution which in varying forms has gone on for a century, of which the last decade and a half has witnessed merely a fuller manifestation, have been generally accepted. The carrying out of a definite program of material betterment remains before us.

At present Mexico, probably potentially the richest land on earth for its size, needs and welcomes the entry of foreign capital. It will fully protect all capital that is willing to obey the nation's laws. These laws are not drastic and confiscatory as some persons hostile to our purposes continue to allege. The laws do aim to make sure that the worker is not unconscionably exploited as formerly, and that he receives a just proportion of the fruits of his labor. These principles are fundamental with us and no power on earth can induce us to change or modify them. We know that these very laws, if properly applied, not only do not damage but protect capital that has the proper appreciation of its responsibilities.

It is true that in the working out of Mexico's problems instances of abuse of labor's new-found power, of failure to understand the reciprocity of service and responsibility that must exist between capital and labor, have occurred. They are deplorable, although not in any way comparable in their effect to the ruthless abuses which were the rule and not the exception of capital here in the old days. These occasional current errors are not unnatural, considering the rapidity with which our new social edifice has been erected, but they do not represent the oft-declared and demonstrated purpose of the present Mexican Government. The truth is that the Mexican worker, whatever his mistakes may have been and may be, is in an extraordinary and gratifying way rising to his new opportunities.

Today Mexico is at peace. Life is more secure than it has ever been. The violence of the struggle has passed into history. The era of reconstruction has been fairly launched. We welcome to our land of sunshine, of beauty, and of opportunity those elements from all parts of the world which can genuinely contribute to the development of our nation in consonance with the deep-seated and long-deferred aspirations of our people.

Duplicate Book

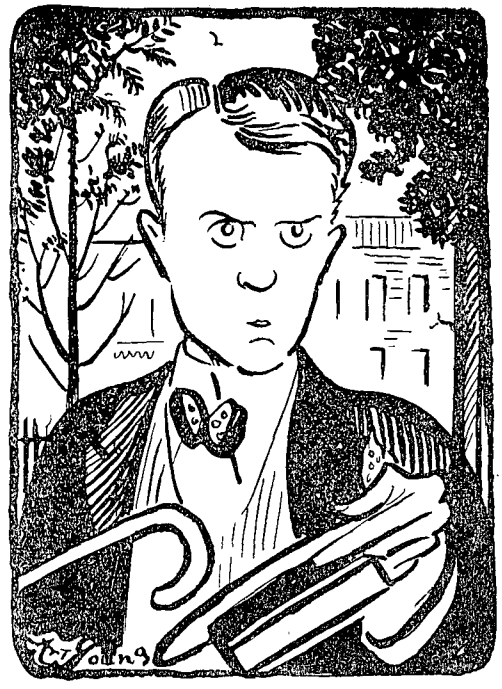
An American Views the Huns

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

THIS is not a learned article upon economic conditions in Mitteleuropa. It is the letter home of a Cook's tourist; it is an impression of Central European morale by a first-time traveler in Germany and Austria.

During the Great War I learned thoroughly at the skilled hands of Mr. George Creel that whatever the Germans were, they were brutal. I learned that all German officials were tyrants, and that everywhere in Germany there were signs "Strengstens Verboten." It was with a certain thrill of risk that I entered Germany four months ago.

At the first station beyond Strassburg—Strassburg, that unfortunate city in which people with the names of Schwartz, August Hofburg, and Emil Botz have for all these years since Daudet recounted the tragedy of the War of 1870, longed for the return of the French—I first encountered the evil German functionary. He was a customs man. He looked as though he might have killed babies in Belgium, or have rejoiced in blowing up the "Lusitania." To my regret he was for a moment not acting properly as a German. He touched his hat, he asked me how long I was going to be in Germany, and passed all of my bags without asking me to open them. But immediately afterward I received my first authentic impression of the brutal petty official. Before I left the custom-house I had to show my ticket, and I was unable to find the ticket. There was a very dreadful man at the door. He refused to let me return to the train without seeing the ticket, and any free-born American has a right to take any train without the trifling duty of having a ticket.



SINCLAIR LEWIS
(*of Main Street*)

While I searched through my waistcoat pockets for the ticket, this dreadful functionary barked out the discomforting insults with which we are familiar in our popular fiction (meaning magazine articles) about Germany. He said that it was a warm day. He said that the cherry trees would soon be blooming. He said that it was a great shame that the gentleman could not find his ticket. He said that it was a great joke that the gentleman's friend had been able to find his ticket at once, while the gentleman himself was unable to find his. He said that the gentleman must be an American, and he himself had a cousin in Wisconsin and he wondered if the gentleman knew Wisconsin. In fact, he gave a perfect exhibition of German viciousness and when the gentleman (pro tem.) had found his ticket—having carefully placed it in his pocketbook in order that he might not lose it and, therefore, having lost it—he

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said that it had been a great privilege to have discussed Wisconsin with the gentleman and he hoped the gentleman would have a joyous journey to Munich.

And so we came to Munich, and saw on the streets the grim military police who have now been forbidden by the overlords of Germany. The first time I asked a direction of one of these villainous Huns, I had a shock. Instead of saying, like any free-born American cop, "What d'yuh want, Billy?" the policeman saluted and stood at attention. Worse than that, he brought out a map and made clear the directions. By this time I realized the dangers of the military police in Germany. They were trying, by subtle propaganda, to win over the Americans.

After this early initiation into the horrors of German brutality, matters became worse and worse. In Munich I met a publisher. As a part of his propaganda he spoke English (incidently he also spoke French, Italian, and two or three other languages). He received my friend and myself with a shocking question as to what authors in America were most honestly expressing the spirit of the American people, so that he might have their books translated into German. He particularly asked me for the names of books by people who could not be suspected of German affiliations. Using the dangerous propaganda by which Germany won the war, he insisted that what they wanted today was to understand America in its vices and virtues, its strength and weakness, its pep and its beauty. After that we were invited to a party at the publishing house.

Perhaps seventy people were assembled for the party, in the drawing-room of what had probably once been the house of a Duke. They were all Germans. Therefore they were all grim and fond of baby-killing. But they disguised it in the most dismaying manner. All through the evening, people whom we had never met smiled at us and said, in uncomfortably perfect English: "Are you enjoying yourselves? Is there any one here whom you would like to meet?" It was another form of propaganda. Despite the fact that all of those tall, slim men, so much like English officers, had killed babies in Belgium and raped virtuous peasant wives in France, they pretended to be friendly to the two lone Americans. And when we gathered for supper my friend and I had six different invitations to join as many tables.

Then we met a typical Hun. He was not only a Hun but a Baron. And to be a Hun and a Baron is, of course, to be the lowest type of animal life—to be a cruel, humorless, vicious fellow. He said to us in his Hunnish manner, although in English: "What are you doing for lunch tomorrow? Will you be so good as to join my wife and myself?" And then began the downfall. And then began the confusion of a reporter who had been trained thoroughly to know that all Huns are sadists. The Baron was of an old Viennese family, and, worse than that, he was a banker. And it was he who accompanied us to Vienna, carrying out the propaganda. He pretended that many of the Germanic families are not rich now and that, whatever their social position, they prefer to go second-class rather than first.

The train to Vienna was two hours late and M. le Baron went out on the station platform to buy oranges. Worse than that, still carrying on the propaganda against the decent part of the Nordic races, he made us all play catch with the oranges in our second-class compartment. And when we had come to Vienna he further insisted on introducing us to his brothers and sisters and father.

By this time it was only with the greatest difficulty that a True American could keep up the hatred of the Middle European which befits any True American. To go to the Heuringen and to hear the yodeling—to go to the Redoutensaal and hear perfect chamber music—to go to the Hermes Villa and see the rooms of the ex-Emperor—to drive through the lovely hills—and most particularly, to meet peasants on the road at sunset and to have them cry "Grüss Gott" as though they meant it—these things made it difficult to keep up a respectable hatred for the Hun.

But perhaps worse than any of these shocks was the attitude of the waiters in all of the hotels and all of the restaurants. It was an unfortunate fact that 97 per cent of them spoke English. It is a still more unfortunate fact that they recognized one as an American and, without being intrusive, tried to give their greetings. It is an unfortunate fact also that they insisted that, whatever their opinion of France, they loved England and America and wanted to join with them in a firm alliance.

In fact, the whole trip through Germany was thoroughly discouraging.

Now may I give my greetings to *The Nation* on its sixtieth birthday?

One of the most agreeable spots in America is the Adlon Bar in Berlin—not Berlin, Kentucky, or Berlin, New Jersey, but Berlin, Germany. To the Yankee tourist who is enjoying his adventure yet who is never quite content without having a hint as to what is happening in America, there is no more perfect scene for news. The first time I ventured into that bar—in search of Coca Cola—I found a group of six American newspaper men gathered before the bar—also drinking Coca Cola. I suggested mildly that I was a newspaper man myself and I was welcomed. We discussed at some length the question as to whether Spike Hunt or Billy Hard was the most popular newspaper man in the world; we shook for drinks; we gave our views on William Jennings Bryan. This, however, was merely the pleasant greeting of the international tramps. The real moment came when one of the men at the bar suggested: "Have you seen *The Nation* for the last few weeks—I happen to have all the latest arrivals in my pocket."

Then I realized that the thing for which I was most hungry in my wandering through Austria and Germany was a glimpse of *The Nation*.

I do not approve of *The Nation*. I am a safe, sane, conservative citizen of the United States. I must be, because I am a best seller. Therefore, I insist that in writing for the Sixtieth Anniversary of *The Nation* I am doing so under protest, merely because I like to read the darned sheet. I find that it gives the other side of all the affairs which are so confidently and so inaccurately reported in all of the really respectable periodicals.

In fact, to paraphrase that greatest of poems, Tobacco is a Filthy Weed, may I wind up by saying:

The Nation is a yellow scold.
I like it.
It's subsidized by German* gold.
I like it.
It makes you hot, it makes you sore,
It's either silly or a bore;
It's all the things I most abhor—
I like it.

* Also Bolshevik, Irish, and probably Haitian Gold.

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In Tennessee

By H. L. MENCKEN

ALWAYS, in this great republic, controversies depart swiftly from their original terms and plunge into irrelevancies and false pretenses. The case of prohibition is salient. Who recalls the optimistic days before the Eighteenth Amendment, and the lofty prognostications of the dry mullahs, clerical and lay? Prohibition, we were told, would empty the jails, reduce the tax rate, abolish poverty, and put an end to political corruption. Today even the Prohibitionists know better, and so they begin to grow discreetly silent upon the matter. Instead, they come forward with an entirely new Holy Cause. What began as a campaign for a Babbitt's Utopia becomes transformed into a mystical campaign for Law Enforcement. Prohibition is a grotesque failure, but the fight must go on. A transcendental motive takes the place of a practical motive. One categorical imperative goes out and another comes in.

H. L. MENCKEN

So, now, in Tennessee, where a rural pedagogue stands arraigned before his peers for violating the school law. At bottom, a quite simple business. The hinds of the State, desiring to prepare their young for life there, set up public schools. To man those schools they employ pedagogues. To guide those pedagogues they lay down rules prescribing what is to be taught and what is not to be taught. Why not, indeed? How could it be otherwise? Precisely the same custom prevails everywhere else in the world, wherever there are schools at all. Behind every school ever heard of there is a definite concept of its purpose—of the sort of equipment it is to give to its pupils. It cannot conceivably teach everything; it must confine itself by sheer necessity to teaching what will be of the greatest utility, cultural or practical, to the youth actually in hand. Well, what could be of greater utility to the son of a Tennessee mountaineer than an education making him a good Tennesseean, content with his father, at peace with his neighbors, dutiful to the local religion, and docile under the local mores?

That is all the Tennessee anti-evolution law seeks to accomplish. It differs from other regulations of the same sort only to the extent that Tennessee differs from the rest of the world. The State, to a degree that should be gratifying, has escaped the national standardization. Its people show a character that is immensely different from the character of, say, New Yorkers or Californians. They retain, among other things, the anthropomorphic religion of an elder day. They do not profess it; they actually believe in it. The Old Testament, to them, is not a mere sacerdotal whizz-bang, to be read for its pornography; it is an authoritative history, and the transactions recorded in it are as true as the story of Barbara Frietchie, or that of Washington and the cherry tree, or that of the late Woodrow's struggle to keep us out of the war. So crediting the sacred narrative, they desire that it be taught to their children, and any doctrine that makes game of it is immensely offensive to them. When such a doctrine, despite their protests, is actually taught, they proceed to put it down by force.

Is that procedure singular? I don't think it is. It is adopted everywhere, the instant the prevailing notions, whether real or false, are challenged. Suppose a school teacher in New York began entertaining his pupils with the case against the Jews, or against the Pope. Suppose a teacher in Vermont essayed to argue that the late Confederate States were right, as thousands of perfectly sane and intelligent persons believe—that Lee was a defender of the Constitution and Grant a traitor to it. Suppose a teacher in Kansas taught that prohibition was evil, or a teacher in New Jersey that it was virtuous. But I need not pile up suppositions. The evidence of what happens to such a contumacious teacher was spread before us copiously during the late uproar about Bolsheviks. And it was not in rural Tennessee but in the great cultural centers which now laugh at Tennessee that punishments came most swiftly, and were most barbarous. It was not Dayton but New York City that cashiered teachers for protesting against the obvious lies of the State Department.

Yet now we are asked to believe that some mysterious and vastly important principle is at stake at Dayton—that the conviction of Professor Scopes will strike a deadly blow at enlightenment and bring down freedom to sorrow and shame. Tell it to the marines! No principle is at stake at Dayton save the principle that school teachers, like plumbers, should stick to the job that is set before them, and not go roving about the house, breaking windows, raiding the cellar, and demoralizing the children. The issue of free speech is quite irrelevant. When a pedagogue takes his oath of office, he renounces his right to free speech quite as certainly as a bishop does, or a colonel in the army, or an editorial writer on a newspaper. He becomes a paid propagandist of certain definite doctrines and attitudes, mainly determined specifically and in advance, and every time he departs from them deliberately he deliberately swindles his employers.

What ails Mr. Scopes, and many like him, is that they have been filled with subversive ideas by specialists in human liberty, of whom I have the honor to be one. Such specialists, confronted by the New York cases, saw a chance to make political capital out of them, and did so with great effect. I was certainly not backward in that enterprise.

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The liars of the State Department were fair game, and any stick is good enough to beat a dog with. Even a pedagogue, seized firmly by the legs, makes an effective shillelagh. (I have used, in my time, yet worse: a congressman, a psychiatrist, a birth controller to maul an archbishop.) Unluckily, some of the pedagogues mistook the purpose of the operation. They came out of it full of a delusion that they were apostles of liberty, of the search for knowledge, of enlightenment. They have been worrying and exasperating their employers ever since.

I believe it must be plain that they are wrong, and that their employers, by a necessary inference, are right. A pedagogue, properly so called—and a high-school teacher in a country town is properly so called—is surely not a searcher for knowledge. His job in the world is simply to pass on what has been chosen and approved by his superiors. In the whole history of the world no such pedagogue has ever actually increased the sum of human knowledge. His training unfits him for it; moreover, he would not be a pedagogue if he had either the taste or the capacity for it. He is a workingman, not a thinker. When he speaks, his employers speak. What he says has behind it all the authority of the community. If he would be true to his oath he must be very careful to say nothing that is in violation of the communal mores, the communal magic, the communal notion of the good, the beautiful, and the true.

Here, I repeat, I speak of the pedagogue, and use the word in its strict sense—that is, I speak of the fellow whose sole job is teaching. Men of great learning, men who genuinely know something, men who have augmented the store of human knowledge—such men, in their leisure, may also teach. The master may take an apprentice. But he does not seek apprentices in the hill towns of Tennessee, or even on the East Side of New York. He does not waste himself upon children whose fate it will be, when they grow up, to become Rotarians or Methodist deacons, bootleggers or moonshiners. He looks for his apprentices in the minority that has somehow escaped that fate—that has, by some act of God, survived the dreadful ministrations of school-teachers. To this minority he may submit his doubts as well as his certainties. He may present what is dubious and of evil report along with what is official, and hence good. He may be wholly himself. Liberty of teaching begins where teaching ends.

The United States and the Artist

By ZONA GALE

ONE'S first light thought was: "What United States? New York—or the Middle West—or Pasadena?" It must be difficult for an artist to function in New York, with so few hours and so much food; and still more difficult in California, with all the scenery and the leisure. If I were an artist in the United States, I should work in the Middle West, with dashes to New York for brief vacations (not for stimulus) and with occasional golden dragging days across the desert, to establish a relationship with actual space. And when I came home again, from either direction, my town would say: "I suppose you go away to get points, and come back and write them up?"

It should be a small Western town, with a lawn running down to a river, a river intent not to say distrait. On the other shore there should be only green, with a far brow of hills. At noon one could go out and lie in the sun, and stay there through the whole afternoon. If winter came, the lawn and the farther shore would be white, and the whiteness would not darken; and one's window would have a long chair and a primrose.

Nothing would happen. Morning would be four hours long, sunny or in the ancient expressionism of cloudy light. A squirrel, the Westminster clock, a chickadee or a grosbeak, and the wheels or the runners under a passing load of straw would offer the principal sounds. Afternoon would end when it chose, in a walk across the river, the levee and the open fields being not a ten minute distance, the white or the green intimately at hand. The evening would be for reading or for writing or for friends. All the days would be the same. One wouldn't be invited to lunch because one doesn't play bridge. One wouldn't be invited to dinner because one isn't married. One's evening would be intact because one doesn't dance. But an intimate touch with the town would be held in other ways—by school, park, library, and many a hearth. Above all, by children.

Can an artist exist and function freely in the United States? I think that he can do so if he knows where and how.

Unless he falls upon a place or a period of cliques, extolling new conformities and their resulting classification, the artist leads among men the loneliest life of them all. This he must do, because his work is as solitary as being born—more so, when you come to think of it. And it is true that in whatever country he works, even in one long ridden by prejudice and standardization, his four walls and his tools are all that he needs—during his actual hours of creation; and that in the ripest nation as in the most callow, while he is at work, the artist is independent of the state. But it is when he emerges from that room and becomes again a social being that he sighs to think—if he does—of the disabilities of his country as a garden for his growth. It is then that he fears its effect—if he does fear—upon his exalted hours of creation.

ZONA GALE

A former sigh for the lack of adequate criticism he need no longer breathe. Synthetic criticism arrived among us abruptly. The last ten years, having seen the rise of the

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liberal weeklies and reviews, have welcomed the rise of a critical estimate as high and free for literature, including drama, as for government, including the pageant of politics. Careful criticism of music and of painting was known in the United States much earlier than was significant literary criticism. The proportion of critical work to the totality of mere review work is still approximately that of the new pyramidal architecture of Manhattan to its old expressionless acreage of brick and brown stone; but of such cardinal criticism there is a surprising weekly amount, and it is a momentous part of our new national life in art. The growth in general art criticism is provable not only in New York, Boston, and Chicago, but in the newspapers of Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, St. Paul, and in the fascinating bulletins of print shops, book departments, the small galleries, and non-professional dramatic groups in Minneapolis, Milwaukee, and the Far West. There are writers putting out such subtle and synthetic comment as a dozen years ago was quite unknown to us, outside the established reviews; or inside, either. To what nation shall we turn, however, for an accurate estimate of all artists; and what have even the mellow nations not done to both the little artists and the giants?

A modern international tendency to revalue prize offers and even "learned societies" is saving the artist of this country regret that his land goes in so gingerly for both. The artist is in a mood to criticize the efficacy of prizes, and to say that these are to art what the Golden Rule is to conduct—something for a people to outgrow in favor of the thing itself. Likewise he questions the function of the older art organizations—boldly if he is a pictorial or a plastic artist; shyly, for some reason, if he is an artist in literature. For such lusters and elevations the American artist might have longed a half century ago, but now, having made out without them, he openly challenges them in both old world and new. To be sure, pensions and their like the artist of either world may regard wistfully, especially on being admonished: "Go out and prove that you can earn your living with your hands, and *then* you'll have the right to be an artist."

I am unable to believe that the United States is flawed for the creative worker by that which may be called a Constitutional taint. In a land in which all men are created equal, there are yet many who one can be perfectly sure are wiser than oneself. The search for mental superiors to rub up against is assuredly rewarded, for in every town are beings ripe, wise, international in their literary and musical loves; and these, created equal though they may have been, have become undeniably and even unpatriotically more interesting and more stimulating than their fellows. I do not speak, of course, of the privileged as such, but of the great and simple. There is in the United States a growing body of those with whom Henry Adams might now adventure toward his spiritual inconclusions. It may be charged that the American scene abounds in those who are neither great nor simple; but even the English artist of humor has some uncongeniality to meet. For such a name —to improvise—as Araminta Throgmorton is not humorous in London. And once a celebrated British critic cried, apropos of free verse: "If this goes on, what is to become of the iambic pentameter?"

Certain hazards among us then are to be conceded and survived. Others there are, and if the artist is a Negro, his difficulties are needlessly greater in this country than in any other land in the civilized world. In general the great United States handicap is none of these. It lies deeper and is not to be conquered by praise or fellowship or loaf and flask. It is that which we know well, that whose despair is in the very form of the query put by *The Nation.* It is the lack in the national life of that indefinable control by the ordered, the accustomed, the mellow, the dreaming, the old. For there can be no doubt that we have of these nothing to enjoy that is at all commensurate with our wistfulness. That rhythm, that murmur, that balanced movement which is confident but not complacent, which is exquisitely practiced and withal a little weary—we have not its moderations or its measures. In one hour of Rome or of Chartres, before proportion, relationship, serenity, equilibrium, we follow the line that goes straight from the human spirit to its evocation in art; and thereupon an image of our industrial city or of our frontier town becomes a weariness. We know that we are without memories or echoes. Time is neither our asset nor our despair, but merely our hope. We are not the old world.

We are not the old world. But yet this cannot be called precisely the condition from which, in order to function creatively, we are seeking to recover. The memory of the Mayflower must have been, at moments, a weariness to the Pilgrims who had chosen her. Still, on completing a meeting-house in the woods, none did inquire: "Where is the nave and where the transept?" Nor did one of them step upon Cape Cod or Plymouth Rock and observe: "This place appears to lack the austerity of the tombs in the Abbey." Or if anybody did we shall never know it, for the fathers dispensed with him into the deep. They had come in search of liberty of expression and not to mourn old power or beauty. They had come to express themselves in a life which had yet to be born; which is still being born, when traditionalists and fundamentalists will keep out of the way. Unluckily no effective revolutionists in art accompanied the Pilgrims. We had to wait for Whitman to begin that nascency; but since Whitman, it has not been so leisurely a business. Now we face our native art at a moment comparable to that of 1776 and after. And who was there in 1776 and after who was saying: "Yes, aristocracy best fosters us. We have made our experiment, we have proved that England is more mellow than the colonies. We wish to be mellow."

Now, in 1925, we are still committed to our experiment. And it was not made of political and religious bread alone. Laboratories in faith and in government have added unto themselves laboratories in social theory, in industrialism, in science, in behavior. And quietly our art is arising. Art is not a department by itself. Art is the imaginative interpretation of the life of the people, whatever that life may be.

If I were an artist I should, in the light of my experience, stay here and confidently expect to do my work. I should know that from out the decays of Italy and the fatigues of France and the deepening impassivities of Great Britain one could look and imagine no more challenging artistic adventure than waits in this land with the unimaginative name. (Perhaps our name is our only artistic handicap. Perhaps if we had to ourselves the lovely word America, or if we were called Columbia, we should already be acquiring a fragrance as of harvests.) Name or no name, I should know that if in the ancient days I had gone questing for a field I should very likely have renounced

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everything in exchange for the terms of our unique life. Our breathless North American industrial towns, plump suburbs, motionless farms, preoccupied mountains; our desert, either as pure color today or as seed of the cities of tomorrow; and our little towns, faintly figuring the velvet of their vast fields, white or green—these are not mere material for art. These are the stuff of the life of art. That definition is a repetend for our thinking: Art is the imaginative interpretation of the life of the people, whatever that life may be.

Art is more than this. Art seeks to interpret the human spirit, naked in the universe, itself without nationality or academy or learned society or pension or past. The chief claim to be an artist which any artist has is his incurable gift of discerning that lovely laboring progress of the spirit. If, then, an artist looks out upon that spirit hard enough, even in this land so lacking in the scrutiny, the pattern, or the label of the past, albeit not without something of the fragrance of the universal breath, it may be that he will forget the difficulties of keeping his covenant in the United States.

He will be in no illusion. He will know, sadly enough, that he has turned from the flowered debris, the resonant footsteps, the delicate somnolence, the emanations of genius and of ruin. He will be in no illusion. And when our one hundred percenters come and tell him that he has the best country on earth to write in, he will emphatically demur. He will reply that there is no best country to write in. There are only an old world and a new. You make your choice.

This is the fourth of a series of articles by American writers, answering in the light of their personal experiences the question: Can a literary artist function freely in the United States? Articles by Willa Cather, Edgar Lee Masters, Eugene O'Neill, and Floyd Dell will follow. Mary Austin, Theodore Dreiser, and Sherwood Anderson have hitherto contributed.

The Economic Urge Toward Free Trade

By JOHN A. HOBSON

THE principle or policy of Free Trade, which *The Nation* has persistently advocated year in and year out during the sixty years of its activity, is subject to much misapprehension because it is so often torn from its broader economic and human context and relegated to the category of a purely trading policy. But, rightly conceived, Free Trade is much more than a profitable interchange of surplus goods on easy terms between members of different nations. It is a continuous and various cooperation between the inhabitants of our world which, transcending the barriers of nationality, helps to generate and nourish the wider interests and sentiments of a common humanity, each section of which needs the rest and has some special contribution to make towards the welfare of the whole. From earliest history, upon trade routes have flowed those currents of thought and knowledge, feelings, customs, and institutions, religious, cultural, political, which have extended the bounds and enriched the contents of civilizations. To confine trade within national limits is to cut off these sources of intellectual and spiritual enrichment.

America's tariff system has admittedly been consistent with the growth of a higher standard of material prosperity, not only for a few but for the many, and it is natural enough for the interested supporters of protection to press the *propter hoc*. The Free Trade rejoinder, that this prosperity itself attests the gain of free and ever extending intercourse within the wide area of the forty-eight States, and therefore the greater gain that would attend the still further enlargement of free commercial intercourse, though quite valid in reason, has so far failed to carry political conviction to a people drenched with the sophisms of protectionism and endued with an insufficient understanding of the true sources and supports of American prosperity. An unfortunate conjuncture of circumstances has led many Americans for the time being to envisage their country as a separatist experiment in democracy, needing for its full fruition safeguards against the contaminating influences of European failure and decay. Let America keep out as far as possible, the inferior population, the dangerous ideas, the alien institutions and valuations, the sweated goods which foreign countries, in their unsettlement and distress, seek to intrude into this happier and more prosperous country! Protection is an important ingredient in this new or more conscious concept of Americanism.

This brief analysis may suffice to make it evident that American protectionism is a plank in a wider nationalist policy, transcending the purely economic interests, and incorporated in the pride of a manifest destiny which bestows upon America the role of God's own country and his "peculiar people." Such a statement doubtless overstresses the consciousness of the meaning of what is happening. But the policy itself is so strongly seated in the saddle of government, attested by so many acts and signs, that its immediate dominion is undeniable. Restrictive immigration acts, prohibitive for Asia; a *cordon sanitaire* against unsettling speeches and publications of alien origin, with deportation of offenders; repression or discouragement of foreign languages and presses; the active steam-roller of the standardizing public school with its falsifications of history for the glory of America—all these political and intellectual pressures cooperate with national economic self-sufficiency for the withdrawal of America from internationalism and cosmopolitanism.

During a recent long stay in America I found among men and women of liberal minds who bewailed this narrow nationalism a feeling of deep discouragement, almost of despair. Reactionary government was a different and a worse phenomenon in America than in Europe where it was a passing phase in the post-war disturbances. Reaction, or at any rate conservatism, in America appears as a popular acquiescence in things as they are, or a rejection of any risky proposals to alter a state of things which upon the whole gives satisfaction. In discussing with liberal economists the tariff question, I found a pretty general conviction that Free Trade in any large sense, though sound in theory, was impracticable as an American policy. The economic system had there been built up so closely, and buttressed so firmly, by tariffs, so many and so strong were

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the interests involved, that even believers in Free Trade would neither urge nor support any but a slow and tentative reduction of the tariff. Nor was this, they thought, a favorable time even for such amelioration of the burden. Indeed, the actual pressure of economic interests, or policy, lay in the direction of a higher, fuller, and more balanced protection. Agriculture, hitherto left free to the casual intrusions of foreign foods and materials, must be accorded a due share of protection for wool, hides, sugar, fruits, and other exposed products; while the textile industries, especially cotton, must be rescued from their present depression by the strong right arm of restrictive duties upon competing foreign goods. Free Trade economists in general seemed to regard themselves as so impotent to influence policy upon an issue which the practical business men who rule America had taken firmly in hand, that it was not worth while troubling about the matter. Indeed, with few exceptions, economic teachers appeared to relegate alike the logic and the utility of Free Trade to a subordinate, even an insignificant, position in their teaching. The contrast in this respect between academic political economy in England and America is most significant, as indicating how this supposedly disinterested science is insensibly but powerfully affected by the dominant business points of view. Though English economic teaching is less dogmatic and unreserved in its free-trade doctrine than it was a generation ago, both neo-classical economists and social economists adhere to its principles and policy, in spite of the strong wave of political protectionism that has marked the past two decades. But in America it appeared to me that the younger and more vigorous economic thinkers accepted and acquiesced in the protectionist policy, and preferred to busy themselves in other issues where their thinking might have greater efficiency. As regards politically-minded Americans in general, it is quite evident that the wave of isolationist sentiment, following the disillusion of the war episode, imparts new confidence into the prophets of high tariff. Let America keep as free as possible from foreign entanglements, and to this interest let her live as far as possible upon her own economic, political, and moral resources! The basis of true Americanism is economic self-sufficiency!

Yet I venture to predict that the very war experience, which has seemed to intensify this resolve and confirm this policy, will be its undoing. This change will not come about by process of intellectual conversion, a repudiation of protectionist fallacies and follies, but will proceed from a change in the balance of economic interests. There is nothing recondite in the transformation of the economic situation of America which the war has helped to bring about. Before the war it was more important for America to sell abroad than to buy. For on balance she was a debtor, and had to pay a substantial sum per annum in exports. The last decade has converted her from debtor into creditor, and she is entitled to receive a large sum per annum in imports. Whereas before the war American investments abroad were estimated at some two billion dollars, much more than offset by indebtedness to foreign investors, American investments abroad amount now to some ten billions, while her indebtedness is reduced by some three billions. This rough estimate takes no account of the huge war loans, amounting, with accumulated interest, to nearly twelve billions. The ten billions already invested abroad mean an annual income of more than half a billion, taking a low figure for the rate of interest. But the process of investing abroad has not ceased, nor is it likely to cease. Hitherto trade statistics show that Americans have been reinvesting a large part of this foreign interest, instead of receiving it in goods or gold. In addition, they are continuing to invest abroad a large amount of new savings. During the first quarter of this year European governments and corporate enterprises alone absorbed $139,000,000 of borrowed money. Last year some billion and a half was added to the aggregate. Is this a merely temporary policy? I think the weight of evidence goes to prove that it is not. In the first place the volume of American savings has been growing rapidly. Partly, this is due to the higher price and income level, but largely to increased productivity and prohibition. In 1923 the total addition to national wealth by savings was computed at some twelve billions, last year at about ten billions.

Such large additions cannot find full lucrative employment at home. Even in prosperous times with large demands for industrial enterprise there will remain a considerable surplus that will flow abroad and help to swell the annual tribute due from foreign nations to America. Hitherto the habit of foreign investment has been confined to sections of investors in the more educated East. As it spreads, larger sums may be expected to go abroad. When we reflect that foreign investments can only take real shape in export trade, we realize how powerful will be the propelling force of this foreign investment urge. It will probably proceed, both from the need of foreign markets to take off agricultural surpluses and so maintain home prices, and from the growing competition of the great standardized manufactures in the world market. If, as some hold, agriculture may dwindle towards the level of a slowly expanding home market reduced in its rate of expansion by restricted immigration and decreased birthrate, the larger flow of population into city industry will stimulate greater efforts to dispose of the industrial surplus in foreign markets.

This movement will proceed, not by a considered national policy, but as an aggregate of the pressure of private trading and investing interests. But it must have the effect of forcing at no distant date large modifications of the tariff. For the present policy of reinvesting foreign interest, and supplementing it by increasing flows of new investment the interest upon which shall in turn be reinvested, is so palpably absurd and wasteful as to force early reconsideration of the instrument for refusing payment, viz., the protective tariff. It is one thing to flout the helpless consumer in favor of an organized business interest, quite another to refuse to business interests the opportunity to take payments for sales abroad and for foreign investments. A country in the situation of England, needing to pay large annual sums for necessary supplies of foreign foods and raw materials, may reasonably continue for an indefinite time its policy of reinvesting foreign interest on past loans and furnishing new loans. But America, virtually self-reliant for foods and materials, must soon face the necessity of taking in imports the large growing sums due to her for foreign interest. By no expansion or expenditure on foreign travel, or philanthropic aids or scooping in of barren gold, can she long evade the internal pressures of business interests compelling her to let in the foreign goods which are the rightful property of her citizens and which come knocking at her doors for entry.

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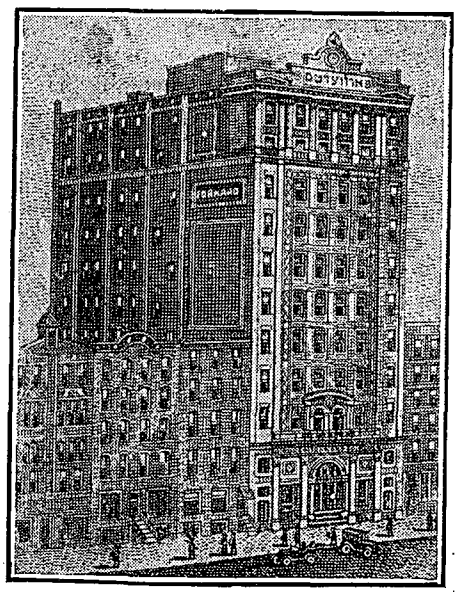

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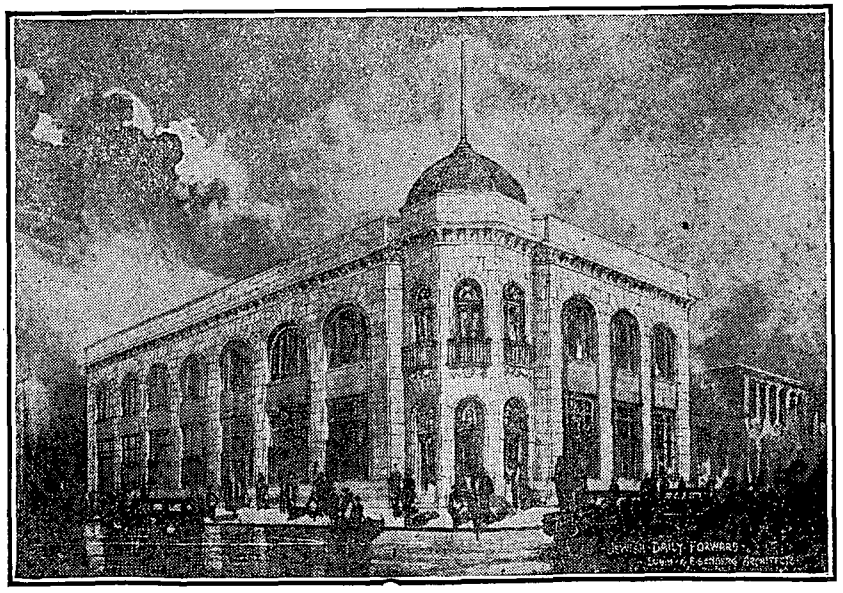

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Emerging Mexico

By ERNEST GRUENING

IV. Democracy

MEXICO has never enjoyed democracy. For the first half-century of autonomy a power and loot-seeking oligarchy gave the country some fifty rulers—"regular" presidents, provisional presidents, dictators, not to mention a couple of emperors, regencies, and other special-directing bodies. Change of office was always wrought by force—never by constitutional methods. Diaz merely had the strength to maintain himself in power and the processes of self-government were even further atrophied. Revolutionary Mexico continued the same tradition until Obregon. His greatest achievement was that he moved for a peaceful and democratic succession.

He didn't succeed wholly, of course. Calles's title to the Presidency, like Obregon's, had to be cinched on the field of battle. But the fault was not theirs. Whatever the unavoidable circumstances, Calles's election marked the epoch-making and unprecedented event of one President completing his full term, peacefully and voluntarily retiring from office and leaving there a duly elected successor.

But just as one swallow does not make a summer neither does one such election make democracy. It will take a generation of similar and even better elections—for they should be without the military prelude—to establish the constitutional method firmly as the Mexican practice. And a national election is only the culmination of a political system which must express itself in village, city, and state. Under Diaz, governors and their local subordinates, the *jefes politicos*, were appointed, as were senators, deputies, and judges, although the farce of an election form was generally complied with. Under the revolutionary regime most of the elections for governors have exhibited varying degrees of force or fraud or both. The struggle has generally centered on possession of the ballot-boxes, and whoever counted the ballots won. Some few elections were honest—generally in which the winner was so dominant or popular that he had no real competition. Such was the election of Felipe Carrillo in Yucatan in 1921. Much was properly made of the fact that after the "free," i. e., honest election in Guanajuato in 1923, the defeated candidate, Aranda, shook hands with and publicly pledged his support to the winner, Colunga. The old method, the Diaz method, which Carranza tried, of imposing governors on states, is passing. Obregon tried to do away with it entirely and let each state really conduct its own elections. But what happened? The local struggle became bitter, often bloody; the tabulation of votes would never be conceded by the vanquished—usually with reason. Rival governors and legislatures would declare themselves elected and start functioning. Three of each at once were not uncommon. The ensuing chaos and anarchy would oblige the central government to intervene. It was Obregon's practice to hear both sides, study the evidence, and decide in favor of one of the two or three contestants. Naturally, such a decision was beset with the utmost difficulty. Evidence of fraud on both sides was generally plentiful. Obregon tried in the majority of cases to base his decision on the testimony available while allowing his belief as to which of the candidates was the more popular to be a factor. It was impossible, of course, to omit the human element, and in some of his later decisions it showed. I strongly suspect that he repaid Vasconcelos for his inexcusable "neutrality" in the De la Huerta rebellion by awarding the Oaxaca governorship to his opponent.

In the case of the bitterly contested election of San Luis Potosi in 1923 the evidence of intimidation, violence, and fraud was so marked that Obregon adopted the course of declaring the election void and refusing to recognize either contestant. Calles has already followed this procedure in two cases that have come to him, the governorships of Puebla and Chiapas. The executive then presents a slate of three other candidates of which Congress names one as governor. The advantage of this method, as President Calles sees it, is that it will serve as a powerful deterrent to corrupt electoral practices. A candidate is far less apt to compete in dishonesty if such procedure may disqualify him no matter how great the total of alleged votes he presents.

The elections to Congress for the last fourteen years have been similarly corrupt. The significant thing, however, is that nullification of democratic procedure has rested not so much with the largely illiterate electorate as with the supposedly educated legislators. I know of numerous instances where the undoubted choice of his district in an election of reasonable regularity has been shamelessly thrown out by the Chamber of Deputies, which under the Constitution can decide the validity of its members' elections. This has been one reason why the number of labor deputies has remained so small. The bureaucratic majority has been determined to keep its majority.

This group secures cohesion only because it is actuated by a common yearning for spoils. It has no other political philosophy or program, despite high-sounding pronouncements, and no popular following. Its members change their allegiances as easily as their coats. The Liberal Constitutionalist Party of four years ago became the Cooperatist Party. When the De la Huerta rebellion which found there its political support wrecked the party, its survivors coalesced as the Confederates. Last November a fusillade broke out in the Chamber of Deputies. Its object was to kill Morones, who it was known would be influential in the Calles administration. Morones, severely wounded, recovered by a miracle. The intellectual author of the attempted assassination, it was generally conceded, was General Jose Maria Sanchez, a former "revolutionary" Governor of Puebla and one of the majority. The stain for the crime, however, rested on the entire group. So it changed its name overnight and, reorganizing without Sanchez and a few of his followers, became the Socialists of the Left. Yet this group under its varying nomenclature has managed thus far to hold its dominance in Congress, to choose the judges, and to elect most of the state governors. The Labor and Agrarian parties, which, on the other hand, have a real economic program and a following through the country, have between them but one-fourth of the seats.

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Napoleon once said that the man who speaks seven languages is worth seven men—he will be abreast of affairs in seven differing traditions.

The Baltimore Sunpapers speak at least seven languages—and possibly eight, when you count the American Language as used by H. L. Mencken, who has been for years a member of The Sun staff.

The Baltimore Sunpapers have recently secured exclusive rights in the United States to all the news stories, editorials and feature articles appearing in the Manchester Guardian and the Manchester Guardian Weekly. These articles are not syndicated to any other newspaper in the United States.

A London Bureau has been opened at 92 Fleet Street, in charge of Mr. John E. Owens, well-known to Nation readers as a former member of The Sun's Washington Bureau and a political observer of uncommon brilliance and acumen.

Everything in Baltimore Revolves Around

THE SUN

MORNING EVENING SUNDAY

Regular Contributors

From England

Henry W. Nevinson, a man of great personal charm, for thirty years a leader among British journalists, and (for perhaps as long) familiar to Nation readers.

George Young, an influential member of the British Labor Party, author of "Nationalism and War in the Balkans"; "Diplomacy, Old and New"; "Portugal: A History"; "New Germany"; and a Compilation of Ottoman law.

Hector C. Bywater, a leading naval commentator and a regular contributor to various scientific and literary periodicals, author of "Sea Power in the Pacific."

From France

Georges Lechartier, former Washington correspondent of Petit Parisien, a member of the editorial staff of the Journal des Debats, representing the conservative French point of view.

Jean Longuet, an influential member of the French Socialist party, representing the radical French point of view.

Pertinax, the brilliant editor of L'Echo de Paris, a vigorous representative of the extreme Right.

Robert Dell, former Paris correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, recently returned to Paris after having been expelled during the war for his too frank dispatches to the Guardian.

Harold Stearns, author of "Liberalism in America" and "America and the Young Intellectual," whose descriptive letters from various picturesque corners of the old world make most delightful reading.

From Germany

S. Miles Bouton, an American long resident in Berlin, author of "The Kaiser Abdicates; The German Revolution."

From Japan

John A. Brailsford, an English journalist for some time resident in the Far East and a close student of developments there.

K. K. Kawakami, the American correspondent of several Japanese, Chinese and Korean newspapers including the Jiji-Shimpo of Tokio. He is author of several books, including "The Real Japanese Question."

From India

St. Nihal Singh, lecturer and writer, author of "Essays on India"; "The Rajahs and Their India"; "The Road to India's Past"; "India's Fighters"; etc., etc.

From China

Edward H. Hume, a graduate of Johns Hopkins Medical School, and president of Yale-in-China University at Changsha.

At Home

Leo Pasvolsky, member of the American Institute of Economics, author of "Economics of Communism," and "Russia in the Far East."

Capt. Dudley W. Knox, U. S. N., retired, who is a regular contributor on naval affairs, writing as an American Naval officer, in contrast to the articles of Hector C. Bywater.

H. L. Mencken, of The Sun staff, who needs no introduction, writes a weekly article for The Evening Sun, sometimes two articles a week, and will write exclusively for The Evening Sun on the forthcoming Tennessee Evolution trial.

Baltimoreans Don't Say "Newspaper"—They Say "Sunpaper"

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The disintegrating effect on the nation may be imagined. "Justice in Mexico is really much more satisfactory than in the United States," a prominent American business man told me about two years ago, "because at home you never know how your case is coming out. Here you know to a peso the price of each judge, and if the stake involved in your litigation is worth that price you pay it."

One of the sincerest revolutionaries said to me about the same time: "State governors who do not enrich themselves through their office are the rare exceptions. Of the twenty-eight I know just two at present for whose honesty I'll vouch. Two others are entitled to the benefit of the doubt. The difference between a good governor and a bad one in Mexico is not between one who helps himself and one who does not but between the executive who while feathering his own nest does *something* for his state and its people while in office and the executive who is so greedy that accumulating his own fortune alone occupies him."

It was a member of President Obregon's personal staff, an extremely intelligent young man, who once rebuked me when I applied the word "grafters" to the gang of politicians who were looting the municipality of Mexico City, a rich prize eagerly sought. "'Grafters' is not the word," he said. "The word 'graft' implies a certain finesse; it connotes skill in extracting a fraction of the public revenues. These people are just plain thieves; there is nothing fractional about their activities; they take everything and leave nothing."

The condition of the capital's streets eloquently testifies that little of that wealthy metropolis's income has been spent on its maintenance.

As for the army—it has always lived by and for graft.

Needless to say, the deputies, governors, judges, municipal officials, and high army officers here referred to all proclaim themselves fervently to be "revolutionaries."

Now the juxtaposition of these glimpses of various branches of Mexican bureaucratic life may possibly paint the picture in blacker colors than it deserves to be. I know many Mexican public officials who are scrupulously honest. I have known men who have done business for years with Mexican officials and never paid nor been asked to pay one cent of graft or bribe money. On the other hand, the number of officials, penniless a few years ago, who have recently erected great houses in the capital, and in other ways flaunt their new affluence, is revealing.

President Calles is meeting the situation head on, and in doing so is undertaking the most radical, the most fundamental, and the most beneficial reform possible in Mexico. Apart from the vast sums which such a policy can save for the country's benefit—for schooling, public works, sanitation, and countless other needs—the transcendent significance of such a policy lies in its spiritual effect on the Mexican body politic.

It has been considered axiomatic that democracy cannot be imposed, cannot be handed down from above, must evolve slowly from within. Yet if one fact has impressed me above all others in Mexico it is of the great possibilities that inhere there in personal leadership. Both the country and the revolution need supremely a great leader. Obregon was a great general, an able diplomatist, an attractive personality, a just and civilized executive, and the one really sincere dominant figure in the first revolutionary decade. But he fell short of great statesmanship because in his internal policies he allowed himself to drift rather than to lead. I know that the belief is current that leadership no longer counts much in this world; that change responds to impersonal forces beyond the power of any individual to alter; that progress comes through the accretion of myriads of minute factors. To whatever extent this may be true in a highly organized country like the United States, it is certainly not true in Mexico. There the executive's power is enormous—he is bound down by the Mexican heritage, cabined by his environment, but despite the constitution his powers are virtually unlimited without the necessity of infringing on the written law. His influence is so great that he could if he chose, and managed wisely, tactfully, and firmly, fill the important electoral as well as the appointive offices in the land. Obregon did not do it, and there is likewise a strongly revolutionary, a strongly democratic, instinct in Calles that is likely to militate against his doing it. The revulsion among the true revolutionaries against the Diaz practice is so strong that Calles, I know, would dislike to inject himself ever so slightly or indirectly into gubernatorial or judiciary elections. Yet in my judgment he will have to do this if he wants to give the country a strong impetus into a democratic path, if he wants to become a hundred per cent efficient in the reconstruction of Mexico, if he wants to carry out to the utmost the promises of the revolution—the three objects are synonymous.

And for this reason. He is raising a new standard of efficiency and honesty in public office—a Herculean labor. Space is lacking here to go into details. But he has set his face like flint against the idea that office is a perquisite, and in pursuance of the "public service" ideal is weeding out, reorganizing in every branch. I believe the force of this example will go far, but it will not go far enough unless he has a far greater number of capable subordinates in national, state, judicial, and municipal offices than he can now count on. The people in his immediate entourage will be subject to his magnetic and virile personality—at a greater distance their responsiveness will be slighter. It is essential that governors that measure up to his standards and judges unversed in corruption fill their respective offices. At present democracy is served neither by the method of their election nor by the performances of many of them in office. It would be more nearly served in the long run if the presidential influence were directly exerted to bring a better type of official to the fore.

Nor is there any guaranty of honest and enlightened government in a Labor label *per se*—although I believe the Mexican Labor movement holds out the possibility and hope of being the most constructive organized force in the country. Labor has just got control of the municipality of Mexico, and the administration will be and must be judged by its fruits, not by its declarations. It cannot help improving on its predecessors. Morones himself said to me: "We are of course not prepared as we should like to be." Labor, as I have pointed out, is still too young and still too close to its misery to function restrainedly and effectively. Such episodes as a Labor mayor of a Labor-controlled suburb caught flagrantly grafting, or the expressed regret of one of the most prominent figures in the movement that "Comrade" Ezequiel Salcedo (one of the sterling revolutionary figures) had not used his office as temporary governor of Zacatecas to get railroad passes for Labor men, show that Labor in Mexico is, quite naturally, subject to the weaknesses and temptations of the environment. Calles has need to be discriminating within as well as without

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the ranks of organized labor—and apparently he has been.

It is useless to argue that a one-man government isn't democracy. Neither is a many-men chaos. Let Mexico have a generation of economic reconstruction, of intelligent universal education, of political peace without militarism, and democracy will, I am convinced, evolve spontaneously. But the beginning must be made on a clean and firm foundation.

The one-man government has weaknesses too obvious to need elucidation. The good work of one administration can easily be swept away. This is precisely what happened in Yucatan, where the heroic efforts of Felipe Carrillo are visible for the moment only in the good roads that he built. His successors, of course, call themselves "revolutionary" and invoke his name for their purposes, but they are merely political spoilsmen. Yet I believe that much of what Carrillo did for Yucatan in his short twenty-two months' governorship could be recovered with the right kind of successor. It is continuity, continuity, continuity that Mexico desperately needs—the working out of a program without interruptions by rebellions, by change of administrations. At present the first and last years of a presidential term are apt to be wholly wasted, and much time is spent undoing what someone else has done instead of proceeding uninterruptedly to further achievement.

I was introduced last December to the new head of the Division of Fine Arts in the Department of Education. What was to be his program, I asked. "First of all to abolish all this charlatanry of Diego Rivera," said he, sweeping his hand toward the magnificent frescoes of Mexico's foremost painter, "and of Best-Maugard"—the artist chiefly responsible for the artistic revival in the Mexico City schools.

"But," said the man who had introduced us, "Diego Rivera is a good friend of Calles."

"Ah, in that case—" the new director of art raised his hand deprecatingly—"I should, of course, inform myself fully as to that before taking action."

Apparently the difference between an artist and a daubster lay in the degree of one's intimacy with the powers that be. Certainly that kind of intellectual subserviency is a tragic legacy of the past, which Calles's policy of rewarding efficient and honest service will go far to dispel.

It would be well for those who are impatient with Mexico and her ways to remember that democracy is a recent innovation in the world; that it exists as yet on only a limited part of the globe; that nowhere does it approach perfection; that in those countries where it has been most successful special predisposing factors—historical, racial, and physiographic—have fostered it. Despite setbacks, and all manner of beclouding intromissions which will long dog her upward climb, Mexico is today more nearly a country governed *for* the Mexican people than it has ever been. It remains to be seen how soon it can evolve into one governed also *by* the people.

Poems

The Loss of Love

By COUNTEE CULLEN

All through an empty place I go,
And find her not in any room;
The candles and the lamps I light
Go down before a wind of gloom.

Thick-spraddled lies the dust about,
A fit sad place to write her name,
Or draw her face the way she looked
That legendary night she came.

The old house crumbles bit by bit:
Each day I hear the ominous thud
That says another rent is there
For winds to pierce and storms to flood.

My orchards groan and sag with fruit,
Where, Indian-wise, the bees go round;
I let it rot upon the bough;
I eat what falls upon the ground.

The heavy cows go laboring
In agony with clotted teats;
My hands are slack; my blood is cold;
I marvel that my heart still beats.

I have no will to weep or sing,
No least desire to pray or curse;
The loss of love is a bitter thing:
They lie who say that death is worse.

A Sail

By M. Y. LHERMONTOV

Translated by MAX EASTMAN

White is the sail and lonely
  On the misty infinite blue;
Flying from what in the homeland?
  Seeking for what in the new?

The waves romp, and the winds whistle,
  And the mast leans and creaks;
Alas! He flies not from fortune,
  And no good fortune he seeks.

Beneath him the stream, luminous, azure,
  Above him the sun's golden breast;
But he, a rebel, invites the storms,
  As though in the storms were rest.

Final

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

A far barbaric sadness haunts these hills
In mist of autumn and magnificence
Of clear unearthly color—
  I have crossed the wall
Past mortal sorrow and its single sense;
I am a human dying of my ills
Who comes upon a cosmic funeral
And the still splendor of indifference.

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In the Driftway

A SPARKLING spring day; an hour's run in a third-class carriage and the Drifter found himself at Eton. What visions does the name conjure up of infant noblemen in chimney-pot hats and orators in their dewy babyhood: future prime ministers and leaders of His Majesty's opposition. There they all were, to be sure, only with that difference, that superior savor that reality holds over the imagination. Up and down the streets they walked, assorted according to sizes; the little ones together, round, pink, naughty, lovable, their clothes, excepting for the short jacket, in quaint semblance of manhood and astonishingly dirty. The older ones lanky and sheepish in cutaway coats, but with bright complexions and noble hawk-like noses emerging from faces of childish softness—splendid barbarians; bearers of great names, clad in a soiled travesty of a gentleman's conventional afternoon costume.

* * * * *

WHAT an incongruous garb for boyhood! Would a mere American Drifter dare to call it snobbish? In any event, the stains incidental to time and boyish tussles showed that the youths had been in no awe of their genteel habiliments and had distributed soup and minute particles of the cabbage family (known to the lowly as veg.) over them with complete impartiality. The Drifter thought he caught a resemblance to the elder Pitt in one youngling, half of whose top hat was brushed the wrong way and whose hobbledehoy shoes were somewhat in need of repair; and was that golden-haired cherub a Georgian Shelley feeling the bourgeoning of a great poem, or was it a suppressed longing for tuck that gave his eye an inner glow?

* * * * *

THE Drifter and an English friend were on their way to Windsor. Scillas bloomed, daffodils twinkled from the gardens, and the snow-drops looked as though they had forgotten to remove their night-caps and were hanging their heads in shame. Windsor is a country retreat of the present royal family. They and their retainers withdraw to its icy halls for a few weeks yearly; otherwise, its chief use seems to be to inspire awe in Americans and provide a livelihood for sundry elderly gentlemen who serve as guides and caretakers. The one who herded a large group of us through the interminable rooms was free of information, which the Drifter has, alas, forgotten. He can only remember that the outstanding associations of Windsor are for him Charles the Second and Queen Victoria—the antipodes of vice and virtue. Unfortunately for the moral, Charles had all the taste, at least in interior decoration; while the good queen's ideas in upholstery, of which there was a generous supply, were undoubtedly gaudy rather than neat.

* * * * *

"AND now 'ere, ladies-'n-gen'lemen, is the finest gem of 'Er Majesty Queen Victoria's collection; this 'ere peacock is solid gold, there ain't no alloy, an' 'e is covered clean over with rubies, emeralds, and diamings. It was took from the top of a Indian prince's umbreller, in a raid by honest British redcoats. That's all right sir, 'ave another look."

* * * * *

IN the Drifter's ear, his English friend muttered smiling: "Well really; Queen Victoria . . . stolen goods . . . they might at least not be quite so frank about it. . . ."

Then as we filed out, the grassy Windsor courtyard once more, and a stroll through the old town, with its lush lawns, winding streets between brick walls, jasmine-covered, English gardens, cool, fragrant—the impassive perfection of English manners. What ages of training at Eton, followed by conquest and rapine, had gone to making the security wherein this calm beauty could flourish; but the beauty was there, and the Drifter found it good.

Softly I trod, and with repentant shoon,
Half fearfully in sweet imaginings,
Where lay, like courtyard of departed kings,
The old quadrangle, paved with afternoon.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Greeting

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As one who for so many years was chief proprietor, I cannot let the Sixtieth Anniversary of *The Nation* pass without expressing my congratulations and my happiness at its continued growth and virility. I am greatly pleased to know that its circulation is now four times what it was when the present management took hold.

It has seemed to me of late to be better than ever and I rejoice that it still champions those unpopular causes which must be won if the world is to progress and America is to be kept true to its boasted traditions.

No one living has had longer or closer ties with the paper than I, and I have read it during the entire sixty years of its existence. I am sure that it has never stood more clearly and more fearlessly for its principles than today.

May it carry on its work of education sixty years longer!

New York, June 20 FANNY GARRISON VILLARD

The Federal Trade Commission

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With reference to your editorial in *The Nation* of May 27 concerning the Federal Trade Commission, wherein you make the statement that only 42 cases out of 8,661 complaints were dismissed for lack of proof, we question the figures. They are divergent from those of the bulletins issued by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and also divergent from facts presented in *Forbes Magazine* in three recent issues.

It so happens that this company is one of those whose case was dismissed for lack of proof. The charges, presented by a competitor in this particular case, arose from the fact that the competitor had been beaten in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in the Court of Common Pleas by this firm, which secured an injunction against him for the use of certain dies and advertising matter which had been taken from our premises. The case was appealed by this firm to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, where the competitor lost his appeal. Then, in a spirit of revenge, he made certain charges to the Federal Trade Commission. It did not cost anything to make these charges. He did not even have to employ an attorney. The Government prosecuted the case on the charges presented, gave the matter widespread publicity, and our competitor used the publicity against us for a period of two or more years during which the Federal Trade Commission was trying to reach the case.

On all of the charges presented to the Federal Trade Commission, the competitor had ample recourse at law under the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, but had he made these charges to any court in this State he would have been liable to a return suit and damages in event of his failure to prove the charges which he made against us; not so when the charges were made through the Federal Trade Commission.

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We had no opportunity of return suit then, and for a period of two years or more the charges, not being tried but having been given widespread publicity by the commission, stood against us as true, until finally the entire matter was dismissed by the commission for total lack of proof on any of the charges.

Again, when the investigator from the Federal Trade Commission came to this office he was, by advice of our attorneys, given free access to our private papers, documents, etc. The next time the writer saw these papers they were in the hands of the president of the competing firm sitting side by side with the Federal Trade Commission's attorney in the city of Philadelphia. Now we presume, of course, that you are human and, if you are, you surely have certain documents and papers in your possession that you would not care to hand to your nearest competitor, even though the government's agent performed the trick for you.

The hearings in this particular case were held in Philadelphia, Boston, and Washington. The government probably spent about $2,500, which is about what this firm spent to defend the charges. This is a very flagrant case of abuse of the powers of the Federal Trade Commission, and when the matter was finally settled, we got about four lines of publicity on the inside of the trade papers, whereas, when the case was first started, they spread the news in large headlines over the front of the paper.

There was no use of an appeal to the Federal Trade Commission in this particular instance or no necessity therefor except the spirit of revenge. If one firm can do this, other firms can do it. As far as the Federal Trade Commission is concerned, their work since the inception of the commission has not in any way made crooked people more honest.

The Federal Trade Commission is just another useless expenditure of money on the part of the government. It could be done away with without affecting the rights of the people in any way whatsoever.

In conclusion we would say that we do not read *The Nation* because we like it; we read *The Nation* because we get another angle on pretty nearly everything from your paper. We do not agree with you 50 per cent of the time, but we are fair enough to say that we like to get the slant of the opposition. Should we confine our reading to just such papers or magazines as entirely agree with us, we would lose a judicial attitude of mind which we strive for. However, to our mind, there is so much in this editorial which is erroneous that we could not help writing you regarding it.

North Philadelphia, May 26

THE CHAS. H. ELLIOTT COMPANY,
HARRY V. ELLIOTT, *Vice-President*

Birth-Control Laws in Europe

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. Marie C. Stopes of London writes in your issue of May 27 to correct a statement by Dr. Aletta Jacobs that Holland in 1882 was perhaps the only European country which did not forbid the giving of contraceptive information. Dr. Stopes says that England has never had any laws against contraception.

So far as I can discover, with a single exception, no other European countries have had such laws either. That exception is France, which experienced a depopulation scare after the war, and passed a law prohibiting access to contraceptives. I have repeatedly inquired, but have as yet been unable to find any such statutes in other countries, though there is said to be in Holland a regulation against the *display* advertising of contraceptives.

These United States of ours seem to be the only country with a wholesale and long-standing prohibition of this sort, and by way of having the prohibition as obnoxious as possible it was made a part of the "obscenity" statutes. In this regard we are unhappily unique among nations. It is a thousand pities that our country should have to stand alone as the prize benighted

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nation of the earth, with its fifty-two-year-old Comstock contraceptive prohibition. How much longer will Americans enjoy this unlovely distinction?

New York, May 25 MARY WARE DENNETT,
Chairman of the National Council of the
Voluntary Parenthood League

Lead Us to It

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A friend of mine showed me a copy of your paper today in which I see you give the Pirates a knock. I personally don't read your magazine and never seen a copy of it before and in fact didn't know there was such a paper. I looked the whole works over and would much rather have the *Saturday Evening* or *Liberty* for a nichol than a bound file of your whole thing.

But that's neither here nor there. I can see you're one of those guys that would rather be right than be Rockefeller. However, I don't care for the kind of cheap publicity you people give and the slur on my friend the commissioner, Teddy Glynn. The paper that printed the story on the Pirates dance is the best paper in Boston, or the Hub as you call it, and if you people think the Pirates dance didn't have any news value I just wish you had a been there. It was the biggest dance ever run in Roughan's Hall. I don't want no apology or nothing like that, because personly I can stand those kind of knocks, but if your paper had any kind of circulation in Charlestown, for the sake of the Pirates, I would ask for an apology.

Just to show you that I'm a good fellow, though, I'll extend to you right now, a cordial invitation to you and the other member of your staff to attend the dance and see for yourself if it wasn't worth all the publicity we got on it.

Boston, June 2 J. W. B.

"More Hair and Less Straw"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The straw hat is a nuisance at best and much warmer than many a felt one—and, besides, the wearing of hats in general is positively harmful to the hair and scalp and conducive to the loss of hair, which many of us would surely like to avoid.

I tried last year to discard my straw hat for a three-day period. I was comfortable, never sweltered about the brow, and kept cool. My neighbors looked at me jokingly and had me classified as one of the many "nuts" who infest the community. I proclaim that I am perfectly sane, and demand that each person who feels as I do discard all headgear from May 1 to November 1, at least.

Let us form a hatless brigade and combine for the common good. I am prepared for the opposition of the hat industry and would gladly debate the question with such giant opponents as Truly Kaufman or Young Long Stetson, who will look with dread upon this healthy movement.

I know that thousands of your readers will welcome my league. Let us start at once. Let the slogan be "A Hatless Manhattan," or "More hair and less straw," or better still, "Let straws show which way the wind blows."

New York, May 4 ABRAHAM VOGEL

Discriminating Praise

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your eternal yawping about having the Government do it makes me tired, but even at that *The Nation* is the best edited magazine in the country and I am sending you the $5 for a renewal.

Akron, Ohio, May 23 C. L. K.

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Books and Music

Reviewing in 1865

(Extracts from three book reviews in the first issue of The Nation, *July 6, 1865)*

CARLYLE

(From a review of the "History of Frederick The Great," by Henry James, Sr., father of the novelist and of William James)

We should shrink very keenly from doing any personal injustice to Carlyle. All his friends know him, and indeed all his books show him, to be a man of even a genial practical morality, an unexceptionable good neighbor, friend, and citizen. All we want to say is, that in respect to the public questions which are now soliciting examination, he is incompetent even to puerility. Probably no man connected with public affairs in England is so utterly deficient in the instinct of statesmanship, if statesmanship involve any respect for the principles of human nature; and yet he larrups Peel, Cobden, Palmerston, and the rest in his voluble pedantic way, as if he alone in all England possessed the true secret of governing. He is all the while himself a literalist of the most unqualified pattern, pinning his faith upon some futile person or other, and incapable of uttering an inspiring or even soothing word in behalf of any struggling manifestation of human hope. True, he abuses every acknowledged and every aspiring guide of the political world with such an insane relish, that many thoughtless persons, bewildered by his audacious oracles, begin timidly to count upon him as a statesman of the new order; as an intelligent herald of the new or spiritual Divine advent in human nature. But the claim is absurd. With much picturesque squinting in that direction, Carlyle has no philosophic belief of a real Divine presence and efficacy in human affairs. He feels a vague menace in his understanding that there is somewhere on high some very peremptory person or other—some huger Cromwell or more unscrupulous Bonaparte—who will infallibly have his own will in the end, simply by coercing all other wills; and he is able consequently to variegate his conversation and writing on occasion with certain devout lights and shades that seem most orthodox and pious to innocent imaginations, and would make the ghost of John Knox roll up the whites of his eyes in grateful astonishment. But that is literally all. He is an amateur prophet exclusively, having as little real resemblance to Isaiah or John, as Charlotte Cushman has to Lady Macbeth. He is a prophet "on his own hook," in the sole interest of his own irritable cuticle, without a glimmer of sympathy with the public want, or a gleam of insight into its approaching Divine relief; a harlequin in the guise of Jeremiah, who feeds you with laughter instead of tears, and puts the old prophetic sincerity out of countenance by his broad persistent winks at the bystanders.

THE NOBLE SCHOOL OF FICTION

(From a review of Henry Kingsley's "The Hillyars and the Burtons," by Henry James, Jr.)

The main object of the novels of Mr. Charles Kingsley and his brother has seemed to us to be to give a strong impression of what they would call "human nobleness." Human nobleness, when we come across it in life, is a very fine thing; but it quite loses its flavor when it is made so cheap as it is made in these works. It is emphatically an occasional quality; it is not, and, with all due respect for the stalwart Englishmen of Queen Elizabeth's time and eke of Queen Victoria's, it never was the prime element of human life, nor were its headquarters at any time on the island of Great Britain. By saying it is an occasional quality, we simply mean that it is a great one, and is therefore manifested in great and exceptional moments. In the ordinary course of life it does not come into play; it is sufficiently represented by courage, modesty, industry. Let the novelist give us these virtues for what they are, and not for what no true lover of human nature would have them pretend to be, or else let him devise sublime opportunities, situations which really match the latent nobleness of the human soul. We can all of us take the outside view of magnanimity; it belongs to the poet to take the inside one. It seems to us that the sturdy and virtuous Burtons in the present tale have but a narrow scale of emotions. Mr. Kingsley would apparently have us look upon them as heroes, which, with the best will in the world, we cannot succeed in doing. A hero is but a species of genius, a genius *pro tempore*. The Burtons are essentially commonplace. The best that can be said of them is that they had a good notion of their duty. It is here, as it seems to us, that praise should begin, and not, as Mr. Kingsley would have us think, that it should be content to end. The notion of duty is an excellent one to start with, but it is a poor thing to spend one's life in trying to compass. A life so spent, at any rate, is not a fit subject for an epic novel. The Burtons had none but the minor virtues—honesty, energy and a strong family feeling. Let us do all justice to these excellent qualities, but let us not shame them by forever speaking of them with our hats off, and a "so help me God!" The only hero in Mr. Kingsley's book is, to our perception, the villain, Sir George Hillyar. *He* has a spark of inspiration; he is ridden by an evil genius; he has a spirit of his own. The others, the good persons, the gentlemen and ladies, whether developed by "a year and a half at boarding school," or still in the rough, have nothing but the old Kingsleian *air noble*. We are informed that they have "great souls," which on small provocation rush into their eyes and into the grasp of their hands; and they are forever addressing each other as "old boy" and "old girl." "Is *this* ambition?" Has the language of friendship and love no finer terms than these? Those who use them, we are reminded, are gentlemen in the rough. There is, in our opinion, no such thing as a gentleman in the rough. A gentleman is born of his polish.

WHITE'S SHAKESPEARE

(From a review of Richard Grant White's "The Works of William Shakespeare", by Charles Eliot Norton)

We are glad to announce this long-expected volume as soon to issue from the press. Mr. White's Shakespearian labors are worthily concluded, and his edition of "Shakespeare's Works" completed, by this publication. The merits of Mr. White's previous labors are now established. His "Shakespeare's Scholar," which preceded his edition of the work, not only displayed a degree of scholarship highly creditable to its author, but also gave evidence of his possessing a fine critical taste and genial appreciation, as well as a fund of good common sense—that rarest and most needed qualification in a commentator. His "Notes and Introductions to the Plays" fulfilled the expectations he had thus awakened, and in England as well as in this country his edition has taken rank among the best. An *editio optima* of Shakespeare does not exist. Mr. White has had many competitors in the field. Knight, Collier, Halliwell, Dyce, Wright, and Aldis, to say nothing of Staunton, and in our own country of Verplanck and Hudson, have each in their respective editions exhibited especial and distinguishing excellencies. Each has his distinct place. The thorough critical student of the letter or the spirit of the text can spare neither. . . . It is creditable to Mr. White that by the side of these recent editions his holds an even place. In certain not unimportant respects it is better than any one of them. He possesses a rare faculty of delicate and acute literary criticism and insight, combined with a hardly less rare faculty of expressing fine distinctions of thought. These valuable qualities are frequently displayed in his comment on passages of which the meaning is obscure or has been disputed, and in his longer discussion of points connected with the origin or composition of the plays. His essay on the authorship of Henry VI . . . is a masterpiece.

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The Race Problem

The Mongol in Our Midst: A Study of Man and His Three Faces. By F. G. Crookshank. E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

Race Hygiene and Heredity. By Hermann W. Siemens. Translated by Lewellys F. Barker. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

Race Prejudice. By Jean Finot. Translated by Florence Wade-Evans. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

Christianity and the Race Problem. By J. H. Oldham. George H. Doran Company. $2.25.

A GOOD meal generally begins with a nibble of celery and so we can hardly do better in plowing through some nineteen hundred pages of race matter, now minatory, now pacificatory, than to start with Mr. Crookshank's fantastic brochure on the Mongol in our midst. It is as light as the vegetable, but it is completely devoid of vitamines. The author's thesis need only be stated to be refuted with a laugh. Mr. Crookshank is a man of considerable literary taste who knows how to quote aptly from Sir Thomas Browne, and one would like to believe that his interest lies in the whimsicalities rather than in the truth of his race theories, very much as Charles Lamb is known to have relished the manner of his Hooker and Burton without being in the least disquieted by their ponderous matter. Our guess, however, would be that he is serious. Should it appear, in the wash, that Mr. Crookshank has been holding a huge chuckle in reserve, we should be the first to take off our hat to him as one of the most brilliant hoaxers in contemporary scientific literature.

The thesis may be summarized as follows. Man is derived from three distinct apes, the orang, the gorilla, and the chimpanzee. The descendants of the orang are the peoples of Mongolian race and the so-called "Mongolian" imbeciles among the whites, whose resemblance to the true Mongolians is generally regarded as superficial. The gorilla is the ancestor of the negroid peoples. From the chimpanzee stem the whites, particularly, it would seem, the Semites. The chief evidence for these genetic theories is furnished by instinctive posture and by characteristic lines of the palm. The Mongolian or "orangoid" posture is the one illustrated by the sitting Buddha, who, one may irrelevantly remark, was a Hindu invention. Orang, "Mongolian imbecile," true Mongolian, and sitting Buddha form a series. Chimpanzee, cases of dementia praecox, and White form another. It all works out rather neatly and we learn many curious bits of information by the way. The temptation to quote a number of charming passages is great, but we must limit ourselves to two. "It is . . . singular," says Mr. Crookshank, "that the Mongolian imbeciles should not only love to sit like a Buddha but to sway the head, backwards and forwards, like a porcelain mandarin, whilst I have seen a baby Mongolian idiot prostrate himself in his cot, for hours at a time, doing the kotow. Now, when an English idiot of Mongolian physique performs in his cot the symbolic act of humiliation practiced by the Chinese race, and does it *instinctively and persistently,* it is idle to declare airily that no real homology is involved!" Cultural anthropologists to the rescue! But they are probably too busy to take up light skirmishing. Further on we read: "Mongolian imbeciles speak late, and it is remarkable that they alter many consonantal sounds, saying 'lellow' for 'yellow' and so forth, like a stage Chinaman, whilst they never construct long sentences. They tend, in fact, to employ only monosyllabic and asyntactic forms of speech." Chinese monosyllabism, one infers, is an instinctive reaction of the Mongolian-orangoid-imbecile stock. The fact that English has more and more tended to a Chinese-like structure must, we fear, be construed to mean that Anglo-Saxon civilization is going to the orangs.

Why such books are published it would be hard to say, but it is undeniable that they are delightful interludes in the grim and weary drama of race-discussion that we are in for these days. Mr. Siemens's book, to which the translator has appended a very useful bibliography and a technical glossary, is of a very different sort. It consists of two parts, an admirable and not too technical introduction to the theory of Mendelian heredity and a far less closely reasoned section on the degeneration which he believes to be threatening the more valuable strains in German society—and in European society generally. His fears for the future of European culture are grounded in biology pure and simple, not in a philosophy of culture such as a liberal anthropologist or historian could honestly follow. The gist of his thesis—for the sober chapters on heredity merely pave the way for a thesis—is probably contained in the following passage: "Now the threat of extinction of all existing European culture lies precisely in the fact that the leading circles, which include with respect to both bodily and mental make-up the greatest number of the best hereditary stocks, are succumbing in the struggle for existence with those that they lead, because their fertility is not great enough even to maintain their present numbers. Thus, gradually, all those hereditary stocks that are capable of preserving and advancing our civilization are being exterminated from the earth by a progressive *'proletarianization of our rising youth.'* The disappearance of so many noble and patrician families is only one symptom of that great 'dying out' which, more frightful than the most terrible war, demands its sacrifice from the peoples of European culture." And "the first task," he proceeds in italics, "of the racial hygiene of today seems to me, therefore, to lie in an attempt to arrest the dying out of the socially higher classes which seems now to be in full swing." The conservative wing of eugenist opinion could hardly be stated more bluntly. In other passages of his book the author takes it quite for granted that the mingling of German and alien, particularly East European, blood is tantamount to the introduction of biologically inferior strains into the German-speaking dominions.

Like so many biologists concerned with the problems of society, Mr. Siemens sees in cultural achievement a direct indication of the working out of the physical and psychic traits of the hereditary endowment. He suffers from the characteristic illusion of the biologist, who is persuaded into accepting his genetic technique as a sufficient interpretative guide to the cultural behavior of man. It requires but little consideration of the data of history and of the social sciences to realize that the levels of culture, both within the national group and as between nationalities, are the complex and cumulative product of historical factors which possess continuity not on the biological plane but on that of social inheritance. Now the process of social inheritance is simply the continuous imitation, both consciously and unconsciously, of socially, that is conventionally, significant reactions of an acquired, non-instinctive, and indefinitely plastic sort. The cultural process is carried by human organisms, to be sure, but it is no more truly explainable in terms of biology than the ever-changing aspect of the wind-blown sea is explainable as a specific resultant of the chemistry of sea water. Such terms as "our civilization," "noble and patrician families," and "backward peoples" are highly derivative concepts of a cultural, historical order. They have no relevance for the biologist whatever, and if the biologist, as biologist, does nevertheless insist on being interested in them he indulges in an application of his science which is not in essence different from the astrological labors of the early astronomers. It is very remarkable that in the earlier part of his book Mr. Siemens is at the greatest pains to prove that the acquired or "parakinetic" features of the organism are of no influence on its properly hereditary or "idiokinetic" features but in the later chapters forgets or misapplies his own principles. The colossal assumption that the conventional values ("higher" and "lower") that we assign to different types of cultural behavior are at the same time intelligible as

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corresponding biological differentia can only be "excused" if we remember the average biologist's contempt of history.

"Race Prejudice" is a reprint of a work that appeared in the first decade of the present century, but it may still be read with profit. Finot's manner is rather that of the eloquent and idealistic publicist than that of the scientist who has the air of examining his data without knowing until the last chapter what conclusions they lead to. This is not to say that there is not in his book a great deal of telling criticism of the claims made by Gobineau and his tribe for the cultural significance of race, of the supposed differences in the basic psychology of different peoples, of the "Aryan" and "Latin" legends, and of many other exercises in mythology. It is only fair to say, however, that Finot unduly minimizes the biological importance of race.

Mr. Oldham's book is in many ways the most interesting of the four. It is lucid, sympathetic, and admirably free from any taint of bitterness or polemic heat; it exhibits familiarity with the practical aspects of race contact and race conflict and a sufficiently firm control of the biological and anthropological background of race theory—indeed, the chapter on The Significance of Race is the best untechnical summary of the fundamental facts of human heredity that we have seen; and it combines a willingness to see the unpleasant or disturbing facts of the rough-and-tumble world with an obviously sincere and determined Christian idealism.

If anything, Mr. Oldham understands too clearly what are the obstacles that seem to make impossible a simple, sweeping application of the Christian ethic to contemporary and impending race problems. He has no spiritual insight to offer that can burn away prejudice, injustice, political tyranny, and commercial exploitation. The communion of saints in whom color of skin is invisible is hardly more than a verbal formula; it certainly is not a flaming vision. This Christianity of Mr. Oldham's—and we believe it is as sincere a variety as our parliamentary, Protestantized world has to offer—is an exceedingly modest, patient, and well-behaved faith. It is at least as familiar with the interrogatory give-and-take of the committee room as it is with the thunder of the pulpit, the madness of crusade, or the ecstasy of revelation. Perhaps it is ungenerous to expect fervor and the courage of paradox from the guardians of the sublimest and most paradoxical of religious messages, the gospel of Jesus Christ. This is a "reasonable" age, a trimmer's age, in which courage has been surrendered to the limbs and to the angry heart while faith sits frozen and ashamed. The gospel of Christ is not concerned with the philosophy of the germ plasm, nor does it wait on the statistics of intelligence tests for its mandates to become operative. A conditional Christianity will not bring conviction to a world already riddled with inner conflict and skepticism.

"In a church which is conscious of its mission to the world," says Mr. Oldham, "there can be no exclusion or separation on the ground of race. This does not mean that as a matter of convenience members of different races living side by side may not worship in separate congregations. If there are differences of disposition and aptitude between races the genius of each will doubtless find its best expression if the religious life of each is allowed to develop on its own lines. There is nothing in this contrary to the catholicity of the Church of Christ." To quote only this passage, we hasten to add, is not entirely fair to the spirit in which Mr. Oldham's book is written; but the passage is ominously indicative, none the less, of what has happened to the essential gospel of Jesus. A too insistently instrumental habit of thought has tortured this gospel into the semblance of a program buttressed by science and expediency. The gospel itself, smothered by these kindly ministrations, lies either dead or in a state of indefinitely prolonged coma. Only the humblest of incidental services may be expected from its tradition in the solution of race problems.

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A Lesson for Ladies

Serena Blandish: or The Difficulty of Getting Married. By a Lady of Quality. George H. Doran Company. $2.50.
Mayfair. By Michael Arlen. George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

"SERENA BLANDISH" is, as the pseudonym might suggest, cast mockingly into the mold of the classical *conte*. Mrs. Behn recounted amorous tales in this same grave manner, and Restif de la Bretonne managed through the use of similar means to give to his stories piquancy not wholly in accord with the exemplary lessons in practical morality which they professed to teach. The secret is the secret of deliberate simplicity, of narrative which tells everything while it seems to concern itself only with externals, and it is no easy one to catch. Once caught, however, it furnishes one of the most refined of delights, and it is the form of expression to which sophistication inevitably tends. It is, in part, the secret of assuming that your reader does not need to have explained to him either your point of view or your intentions, and it teaches one to begin not with the exposition of one's philosophy or the elaborate description of a milieu, but thus: "Among all the women who lived in a garden city adjoining the southern docks of London, none was so uncommon as Miss Serena Blandish, a young girl of nineteen to whom nature had given every grace of figure, face, ankle, wrist, and expression." Such is the classical manner, and classicism, as is sometimes forgotten by those who like to explain that its essence is a concern with general nature rather than with peculiar exceptions, can be cynical as well as heroic; for charm of ankle no less than sweetness of character may be assumed as one of the essential traits of a typical young woman.

Serena, heroine of this modern exemplary novel, is a girl whose face and figure are her only fortune, but who is never able quite to realize upon her assets because of too yielding a nature. She has a fresh charm which even green youth can appreciate, combined with a mature experience which only middle-aged roués can value at its proper worth; and, since she is consumed by a wholly unfeigned longing for the security of honorable marriage, she has obviously, according to eighteenth-century standards, the roots of virtue in her. Yet for some reason unknown to herself the men whom she would have propose marriage always propose a little supper in their lodgings instead, and Serena, because she is too modest to seem to set too high a price upon herself and too obliging to deny an agreeable man anything, always goes. Now classicists have always recognized as one of the general traits of the male sex an unwillingness to pay the high price of matrimony for what they can get for nothing; and so Serena, in spite of all those who are willing to make ardent love to her, is left forlornly unwed with nothing to do except meditate upon her tragic defect: "It is, alas, not in my power to refuse any man anything, but how is it that they know so soon how readily they may ask?" The father of the English novel wrote, as every one knows, a great work with the subtitle "Virtue Rewarded" in which he showed his heroine reducing the rake who would seduce her to abject honorableness by exercising her talent for persistent refusal; "Serena Blandish" may be said to point the obverse of this moral. Ladies who cannot say "no" must not hope for more than a second-rate marriage.

Whoever the author of this little *jeu d'esprit* may be, he is one of the cleverest of contemporary writers, and he has managed by his mastery of the classical manner to produce a narrative in which layer after layer of irony reveals itself to the reader who brings a perception delicate enough to catch it. All the worldly wisdom which eighteenth-century cynicism presupposes is there, and below the surface lies delicately implied the modern criticism of the morality of that same great century. Somehow, and for sufficiently complicated reasons, the injunction: "Always ask to see the wedding ring first and some day you will really get it" does not seem to embrace so satisfactorily

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as once it did the whole scheme of female virtue together with the rewards appropriate to it. Actually, none of the more exalted reasons which have been subsequently urged in favor of continence are so demonstrably sound as this one; but the fact remains that we are not quite classic because we cannot help thinking it at least a little bit funny. If Mrs. Behn had written the story of Serena she would probably have made it considerably more scabrous, but she would never have perceived the irony of its moral.

In "Mayfair" Mr. Michael Arlen has managed somehow to display at full length all his vices as a writer and to conceal completely the virtues which in some of his books, particularly "The Green Hat," deserved the acclaim which they received. Trusting wholly to the exuberance of his style he has allowed himself to concoct the most absurdly meretricious stories and then permitted his manner to sink to the level of his matter, with the result that whereas he was once brilliant he is now merely showing off. "Mayfair" obviously challenges comparison with "Serena Blandish," since both books are intended to be sophisticated satire upon contemporary society; but once the comparison is suggested Mr. Arlen's book is revealed as hopelessly inferior. Long-winded and extravagantly mannered, it never achieves by a whole paragraph the effect of any one of a hundred phrases in the anonymous tale, and it sinks more than once to the level of intolerable silliness.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

In the Solomon Islands

The Threshold of the Pacific. By C. E. Fox, with a preface by G. Elliot Smith. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

THIS work forms the seventh volume of "The History of Civilization," edited by Mr. C. K. Ogden, and is one of those volumes not represented in the parallel French edition of the series. Indeed its appearance in a set of general treatises is intelligible only from its connection with a distinctively British theory of culture history—the well-known pan-Egyptological scheme of Professor Elliot Smith which was ultimately accepted by the late Dr. Rivers, who stimulated and directed Dr. Fox's ardor as an investigator of primitive life. Otherwise there would be no justification for singling out a descriptive account of one of the Solomon Islands from corresponding monographs on hundreds of other regions.

The reader will do well, however, to ignore Dr. Fox's association with a particular school and to enjoy his record of observations. As Goethe said of Byron, so one might say of Dr. Fox: "When he reflects, he is a child." He is quite capable not only of accepting his anthropological friend's interpretations—that is natural enough—but of regarding as real the legendary people known to the natives as *kakamora.* Considering that these were sometimes described by his informants as straight-haired pygmies from 4 feet 6 inches to 5 feet in height, their existence would be sufficiently interesting to physical anthropology. But in the chapter specially devoted to this race of men we learn that in San Cristoval they average six inches, yet have the strength of three or four men; that they have no arts, weapons, houses, clothes; that they live in the clefts of rocks and sometimes attack men with their long sharp finger nails and even eat them. It is not surprising to gather that Dr. Fox has never seen any himself and that the *kakamora* actually captured or seen at close quarters by "trustworthy witnesses" are always "about the size of small men, not much smaller than the pygmies of Bugoto or New Guinea."

It should be noted that when the author confines his interpretations to historical relations within Melanesia he scores excellent points. Thus he is undoubtedly right in identifying the masked dancers who impersonate ghosts to terrify the children as an attenuated form of the Dukduk and Tamate societies of New Britain and the Banks Islands respectively, and there are other features characteristic of Melanesia.

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Though there is an astonishing variation in the social organization of the several districts of the small area of San Cristoval, the clan division with maternal descent made familiar to us by Dr. Fox's precursors in Melanesia recurs in this island as well; in the district of Baure there are moieties; and bird totems are at least prominently associated with the clans.

Probably it is the chapters on religion that will make the widest appeal. Here again the reader versed in the older authorities on Oceanian ethnography will recognize long-standing acquaintances. The *mena* (pp. 100, 252) or magical power that is imparted to an object by blowing upon it or that is ascribed to a great warrior—nay, to the club he wields—is nothing but Codrington's *mana*, a concept widespread in Polynesia as well as in Melanesia, and according to many writers the most basic principle of early religion. Similarly, incantations of the kind so prominently interwoven with every phase of aboriginal life in New Zealand and New Guinea are not less potent in the estimation of the San Cristoval aborigines: every craft had its hereditary spells, without which the technical manipulations—weaving, e. g., or canoe-building—could not be properly carried out.

If the account of supernatural beings is not altogether clear, the fault lies largely in the inconsistency of the native classification. Dr. Fox attempts to correlate their *figona* and *adaro* with Rivers's spirits and ghosts respectively; but, like the classifications of grammar, that of the Melanesians is highly capricious and mocks at academic logic-chopping. For by no means all *adaro* are ghosts . . . there are those of the sea and woods and other natural phenomena, not all of whom are supposed ever to have been ghosts. Incidentally, the weird native drawings illustrating these beings are among the most interesting features of the book. Foremost among all supernatural beings is a *figona* named Agunua, who is represented as a winged serpent and figures as a creator of the world and man.

Enough has been said to justify the claim that the reader will be rewarded by a capital description of conditions rapidly approaching extinction. Unstinted praise must be given to Professor Elliot Smith for having effected the publication of so specialized a piece of research.

ROBERT H. LOWIE

Pure Political Philosophy

Studies in the History of Political Philosophy. By C. E. Vaughan. Longmans, Green and Company. 2 vols. $14.

THIS is, granted its standpoint and method, a most valuable and suggestive work. Professor Vaughan takes the outstanding political thinkers since Hobbes and analyzes with infinite patience and exactness the systems they represent. The analysis is so made that there is combined with it criticism of a high order; and there will be few readers who do not rise from the study of these volumes with greater knowledge and more richly stored minds.

It may perhaps be useful to warn the reader what he is not to expect. There are, in the first place, two great gaps; the treatment of Rousseau—to Vaughan the greatest of all political thinkers—is to be found elsewhere in his magistral edition of Rousseau's political writings, and there is no treatment of the Utilitarians. This last omission is particularly unfortunate since Vaughan himself belonged to the school of T. H. Green; and an indication of the grounds of his dissent from his opponents would have been of great value.

Nor, it should be added, does the work constitute history in the rigorous sense of the word. The studies are arranged in chronological order; but that is all. What Vaughan attempted was the analysis of certain abstract systems of ideas. He did not attempt to place them in historical perspective; he did not inquire into their relationship with the works of contemporaries; he did not even seek to seize the relationship between the thinker and his environment which is so often the

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main clue to his ideas. The results, accordingly, need to be judged by scholars who can themselves supply these missing items. We cannot really judge Hobbes save in the background of the Civil War; we cannot, either, really understand him unless we adjust the "Leviathan" to what Aubrey tells us of him in his delightful sketch. And that must lead us to seek to measure the influence upon him of Bacon, who was the pupil of Bodin, who was the pupil of Machiavelli. We cannot explain the marvelous success of Locke unless we think of him as only the most successful of a whole host of writers who were saying the same thing as he, though with less pungency. Vaughan's angle of approach did not allow him to assess these things. The result is, I think, that his book lacks the sense of movement. The ideas become free of those conditions of time and place which gave them birth: and, for example, he is led to blame Hegel and Fichte for professing doctrines which were the quite natural views of men who were passionately anxious for German freedom.

Something, also, in criticism could be said of Vaughan's philosophy. Much of it, I believe, is due to the meaning he pours into the terms he uses. Vaughan was a professor of literature and not an administrator. Accordingly he does not think, as an official would think, of state action as, in daily fact, something done because President Coolidge or Harry Daugherty has ordered it to be done, but as something done in the name of a mystic entity whose minds and hearts and wills are bound into the action achieved. That is, in fact, mythology; and I do not think it is even edifying mythology. It gives to actions of the state a prestige to which they are not entitled. It omits to notice that, a priori, those acts are neutral in ethical substance until we know their intent and consequence. The neo-Kantianism Vaughan so eloquently expounds is, I think, deceptive just because it sweeps into the ambit of its terminology consent and authority to which, if we patiently unravel the facts, it is not entitled.

All of this is not to say that Vaughan's book will not be invaluable to the student. His exact knowledge of his text enables him to help even the closest inquirer into these problems. He had a mind which was sympathetic and generous. If on occasion that tempts him into substituting eloquence for thought, the occasions are rare. It is a tragedy that he did not live to give his book final form. But every scholar will be grateful to his friends for raising to him this noble memorial.

HAROLD J. LASKI

The Sociological Invasion

Sociology and Political Theory. By Harry Elmer Barnes. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE famous battle of Jericho, it will be remembered, was won not by massed frontal attack but by the subtler strategy of circumambulation. It will also be remembered that the besieged Jerichees made unholy sport of the circumambulators. But in the end the walls of the city fell; and they who, throughout their parading, had turned the other cheek to the cat-calls of the foe marched in and solemnly trod on the necks of the scoffers. In like manner, a generation ago, the high lords of political science and political philosophy stood on the ramparts of their city and poked unmerciful scorn at a motley crowd that had streamed up out of the slums of the earth. Sociologists the latter called themselves; and they looked as queer as their name. "Those shoddy brethren take possession of us?" laughed the *aristoi tes politikes*. So, detailing a few outposts they went back to their metaphysical discussions of sovereignty and of the limits of state interference. But the sociologists began their march—a quiet, polite march at first, nothing menacing; till they began to strike up a little with their charity organization jazz bands; a little louder with their family budget bazoos; and finally, loudest of all, with their statistical socio-psychological toot-horns. It has just been told in this book how the walls of

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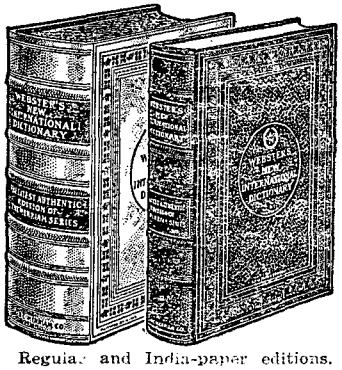

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that older political science began to tremble; how, in the end, they fell; and how the despised sociologists marched in and routed the last—or almost the last—defenders from their bulwarks of abstraction.

One needs to be reminded that this actually happened. It makes the whole enterprise of social and political thinking far less a matter of tag-ends and tatters to know that something radically transformative has occurred; that the point of view and technique of a basic social science have changed. The typical older political science, in brief, no longer exists. Its concepts have been so riddled by the apparently innocent observations of socio-psychologists that they have no force today; they are simply pathetic.

So the state no longer exists as "a single unique entity existing alone in a circumambient void," to quote Cole's ironic phrase, nor as the "perfected rationality," the "eternal and necessary essence of spirit" of Hegel, but rather as a tentative, growing, compromising, functional organization of fairly ordinary and more than fairly unintelligent human beings. So "sovereignty" is no compulsive metaphysical principle handed down by God into the austere hands of Austin *et al.;* it is seen to have been, for the most part, a rather shoddy, man-made defense of the dominant interests. So "liberty" and "individual rights" are no longer "pure ideas," discussable *in abstracto;* they are conditions, more or less realizable, in lives subject to all kinds of psychological and environmental obstruction. So the state is no longer, in legalistic spirit, regarded as a policeman set up to guard the innocent and clap the guilty into jail; it is rather an imperfect but improvable organization for adjusting the conflicting interests of groups. So it is only in the backwaters of political intelligence that the national state is regarded as final and inviolate; the national state, like everything else that really lives, is only a stage in an evolution. So also that curious misobservation of Montesquieu's about the "division of powers" has come to be discounted; so the hoary classification of states into monarchies, aristocracies, etc., has given way to classifications grounded upon the interplay of human nature; so the mythologies of race superiority, etc., except in the stagnant regions of prejudice, have been transformed into critical ethnological and psychological analyses.

The primary value of Mr. Barnes's book lies in the fact that by marshaling before us in a remarkably accurate and comprehensive way the wide and intricate work of sociologists he is able to produce a vivid sense of the extent to which the older metaphysical views in politics have been effectively undermined. This is a very real service. Most of us read one or two or a half dozen books on social problems. We get, let us say, the slant of Lippman, or Wallas, or Follett, or some one else. But for the most part we are quite ignorant of how these particular views fit into the larger enterprise of socio-psychological thinking. We fail to realize the extent to which the many diverse, often conflicting views have contributed to a very basic reorientation in the field of social and political thinking.

Mr. Barnes, however, is not the kind of sociologist who believes that the sun began to rise only on the first of January, *Anno Comte-iensis.* He gives credit wherever in older centuries the essential sociological spirit and technique have manifested themselves. That spirit and technique have lain in the attempt "to analyze the social process as a whole" rather than to abstract parts of it into independent, self-enclosed entities. In the United States he finds this more comprehensive kind of analysis to have been retarded chiefly by the ascendancy of the lawyer type of mind, the "aristocracy of the robe"; but here again his book has value in calling to our attention the powerful present-day sociological trends as exhibited in such men as Gierke, Maitland, Duguit, Pound, Freund, Goodnow, and in such judges as Harland, Holmes, Brandeis, Hand, G. W. Anderson, Cardoza, and others.

There is only one suggestion we should like to make with regard to Mr. Barnes's book. Save for references here and there, it omits consideration of the field of economics, in which

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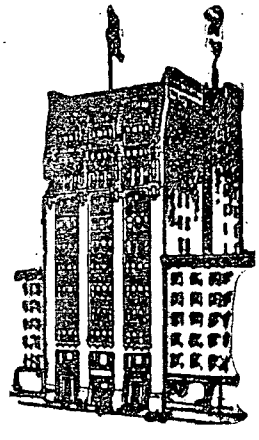

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much the same kind of subtle undermining has been taking place, with important bearings upon political theory. It is to be hoped that a companion volume will before long appear in which the same comprehensive marshaling of views will be carried out and the same stimulating sense given of a fundamental and perhaps even more important reorientation taking place among economists.

H. A. OVERSTREET

Censored Recollections

Things I Shouldn't Tell. By the author of *Uncensored Recollections.* J. B. Lippincott Company. $4.50.

THE more or less anonymous author—"sweet, hectic babe," he calls himself—of "Uncensored Recollections" has been persuaded, not against his will, to write a second book about things that are generally not worth telling. To speak precisely, he did not write either book, but "gave the material to a friend, who not only put it into shape for the press but introduced some anecdotes and matter of his own." It is clear, therefore, that the "author," whoever he may be, has led a consistent life, for in his old age he toadies in literature as he has toadied for some sixty years to a curious collection of celebrities, most of whom were not worth knowing.

He tries his best to be very correct, very nice, and withal rather naughty. His desire "to be accurate; and to avoid, even in my gossip, anything resembling the *blague* of the *boulevardier* . . . to be lenient and generous" is constantly thwarted by his enormous zest for decorous scandal. He piously comments that he *could* tell some things "quite unfit for publication," but of course he won't; then, with the strangely perverted morality that always distinguishes minds of his type, he exudes this bit of innuendo: "He [Lord Charles Beresford] delighted in calling the Duke of Edinburgh 'darling Mathilda' for reasons I cannot chronicle, but which referred to midshipman days." With goatish glee he chuckles over memories of the time when he—sweet, hectic babe!—slept in ladies' bathrooms, played a noble part in dozens of ignoble episodes, and reveled in "the most delicious wine I ever tasted, except perhaps Yquem Lur Saluces." He gloats over country house parties at which "when the ladies began to ascend the stairs to go to their rooms, they would be pelted with all kinds of articles of a more or less intimate, personal, or domestic character: socks, pants, jerseys, pyjamas, would come floating down from above; brushes, combs, boots, etc., etc., come rattling about." But when he speaks of persons who publicly flouted all the accepted canons of morality he becomes deliciously moral. "I never spoke to Wilde; his appearance was quite enough for me." "I have referred to Raymond Seillière as a scoundrel. He certainly was all that . . . he had a hideous passion for ruining poor little helpless girls."

Of all the persons who fill his crowded canvas, the Prince of Wales and Swinburne are most entertaining. The Prince, it appears, "was very well read, and he appreciated anything that savored of literary knowledge—if used lightly, of course, and with nothing of the *Précieux* about it—in general conversation." When the author noted with deep concern that the fair-skinned Prince was becoming very wrinkled he performed the only constructive piece of work that he ever did. "I knew the real reason; he was in the habit of washing his face with soap. . . . Now, soap on the face is a mistake." He gently hinted the awful truth to the Prince, who thenceforth, it seems, led a soapless and unwrinkled life. As for his "dear friend, squirming, hand-wringing, red-haired little Swinburne," he "knew him intimately." Once an American widow, "very rich, from Cincinnati," came to the poet, determined to conquer or die: "she threw herself at him with all the vigor with which her late spouse had packed pork." Gazing fervently at Algernon, "with a very wicked look in her eyes [she] would read to him some of his naughtiest lines:

> Ah, sweet, one sin worth sinning
> With all the whole soul's will."

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and so on, till the frightened poet fled in complete dismay.

As one finishes this book, one would like to know more about certain people. Prince Constantine Radziwill, for instance, who "was a most extraordinary man; deathly pale (I never saw a man with face so white—that is, a live one) and for the most part mute—listening, bowing his head, but hardly ever speaking, and, when he did, only saying 'Oui' or 'Non' or 'Parfaitement.'" In certain moods one would even like to know more about that "complete dinner set in Sèvres china made for the Regent Philippe d'Orléans—everything, every plate, every dish, even the salt cellars, erotic and obscene." But perhaps one eventually *will* know more; for in one place the author remarks that he once "said something very grotesque to His Royal Highness (I remember very well what it was, but am reserving it for the *Christian World*)." Subscriptions to the *Christian World* are now in order.

R. F. Dibble

Music

The Bach Festival

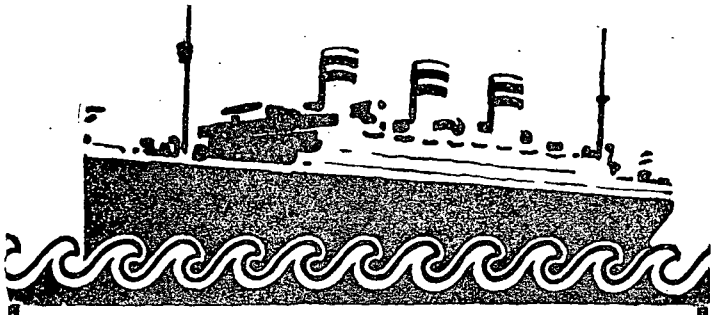
THE Nineteenth Bach Festival at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, held on the week-end of Decoration Day, was greeted this year with double joy. The extended illness of Dr. J. Fred Wolle which resulted in the cancelation of last year's concerts had caused many to fear that the Eighteenth Festival, in 1923, was to be the last. The thought that Dr. Wolle might not again conduct had led some of us to appraise the prospect of the Bach Choir without him. Its continuance would, of course, be impossible.

If we were called upon to find a successor to Dr. Wolle we should look in the first instance to the great cities where many men conduct Bach. But what can these men bring to Bethlehem, these men who squeeze Bach into the occasional afternoons not occupied by their symphonic engagements, American tours, or European visits as guest conductors; and who face from the podium an orchestra drafted from the opera house and singers rehearsed by a chorus master? The Bach Choir prepares for its Festival from October to May. Frankly, the gentlemen from the cities cannot be bothered.

They will say, doubtless, that the finer voices and the better trained minds with which they work would make eight months of rehearsal unnecessary, even if city life made them possible. And though the gentlemen might not express it they would add the thought that eight months' study of a single composition on their part would be supererogatory. I suppose Dr. Wolle would be the first to admit that his chorus is not a galaxy. I imagine he has often wished that he could have such a group as the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto to work with. How much greater their beauty of tone! Dr. Wolle's tenors upon a forte entrance tend to bawl; Dr. Davidson's Harvard boys would always sing purely. Yet when the Mendelssohn Choir sang several choruses from the B Minor Mass Dr. Fricker tore them through at such a breathless rate that the audience was left dizzy; and the Harvard Glee Club singing Cum Sanctu Spiritu could produce nothing but a blur of sound.

These and similar incidents must make Dr. Wolle smile. Apparently it does take eight months—and eight months through many years—to instil a conductor's thoughts even into sophisticated minds. And even more apparently it takes many times eight months for a leader to penetrate far enough into the complexities of the Confiteor (probably one of the most terrific choruses ever written) to have any thoughts to instil.

And if the Bach Choir is hopelessly out of what the haberdashers call the New York manner, is some other town which boasts a community chorus going to supply Dr. Wolle's successor? The question almost answers itself. The timidity which offers only sentimental banalities even in communities like those which partook in the recent Westchester County



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MEXICO

The American public is once more keenly interested in the affairs of our Southern neighbor due to the utterances of the Secretary of State Kellogg, published and commented by the leading journals and the statement of the President Elias Calles.

Business men and investors are specially concerned as to the conditions of Mexico. Many of them are dealing with that country and cannot realize why impending changes are forecasted as everything looks promising if one is following the developments of the policy of the new Administration.

From the induction into power of President Calles up to a few days ago everybody was optimistic on the outcome of Mexico by reason of the frequent reports regarding the sound policy, the plan of economy and the working out of the platform of the present ruler. Statesmen in the United States and in Europe were elated and reassured of the rehabilitation of a country so long disturbed and apparently settled after the successful suppression of the last revolt enhanced and supported by the large land owners, the reactionary elements and certain greedy foreign elements.

Now the excitement caused by the so-called controversy between the Secretary of State and the Mexican President has greatly subdued and better feeling is shown everywhere. Further and immediate developments will no doubt demonstrate that Mexico follows its destiny according to her own ideals and is trying to fulfill all obligations for the benefit of her own people and the foreign interests cooperating to her development.

For illustration we are giving some accurate data showing the true financial status of Mexico.

BUDGET

According to official figures the Budget for 1925 is about 286,399,372 Mexican dollars expenses and the income taken as basis the Federal Revenue, about 290,000,000 Mexican dollars, which leaves a surplus of several millions. Nevertheless, it has been stated officially and publicly that since General Calles assumed his post as President there has been a sharp cut in the expenses amounting to 40,000,000 Mexican dollars, besides the payment of salaries due to Federal employees amounting to nearly 12,000,000 Mexican dollars and the debt to Merchants estimated in 11,000,000 Mex. dollars. It is calculated that by the coming September after paying to the merchants 3,000,000 Mex. dollars more, the Mexican Government will have in its Treasury a sum of 50,000,000 Mex. dollars. The present Administration has paid 2,000,000 Mex. dollars of a loan made to De la Huerta.

Since April 1st, the stamp revenue on checks, drafts and notes, as well as other documents, has been suppressed. This measure has received a hearty approval by the bankers and business men.

The Federal income in recent years has been:

GENERAL INCOME

1920	$256,734,090.62
1921	298,398,772.10
1922	285,017,576.55
1923	256,259,122.63
1924	270,796,238.70

TAXES ON OIL PRODUCTION

1920	$45,479,168.16
1921	50,604,049.35
1922	58,374,155.66
1923	42,152,722.48
1924	38,952,735.65

TAXES ON OIL EXPORTS

1920	$
1921	12,120,455.08
1922	27,605,988.85
1923	18,382,916.86
1924	15,669,256.45

The Consulate General of Mexico in New York has collected $2,946,037.66 American Currency, it is an average of $589,207.53 American Currency per month.

COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY

The amount of imports to Mexico in the year of 1924 was 321,315,824.00 Mex. Currency corresponding to the United States the sum of 233,193,644.00 Mex. Currency or about 75%. The remainder was imported from England, Germany and France.

The American imports during the first three months of this year were 76,750,000.00 Mex. Currency, showing an increase of 40% compared with the same period in the previous year.

The exports of Mexico into the United States during the same periods amount to 106,260,000.00 Mex. Currency, which is 43% more than in the first quarter of 1924.

The development of the oil industry in Mexico is on the increase and conditions are very satisfactory according to the reports of the American press.

The Department of National Statistics reports that on the first three months of this year there were coined at the Mint 7,780,000.00 Mex. Currency, of which 5,200,000.00 were gold coins and 2,580,000.00 Mex. Currency in silver coins.

RAILROADS AND HIGHWAYS

The National Railroads of Mexico have been reorganized by the Department of Communications and Public Works. The personnel was greatly reduced and wages readjusted in such manner that the operating cost is now reduced by 30,000,000 per annum, and in a short time the system will be on paying basis.

President Calles being aware of the great need there is in Mexico for highways signed a decree for the building of national roads, which once completed will aid considerably to the commercial, agricultural and industrial development of the country. The highways to be built are: Mexico-Laredo; Mexico-Acapulco; Arriaga-Tuxtla Gutiérrez, and others of lesser importance.

OBLIGATIONS AND PAYMENTS

According to the agreement De la Huerta-Lamont, the obligations of the Mexican Government amount to $508,830,777.00 American Currency, including the debt of the National Railways of $243,734,777.00 American Currency.

The payments of the National debt were discontinued last year due to the revolt headed by De la Huerta, but the present Administration is endeavoring and making all efforts to resume it. To the effect all steps advised by a sound policy are being taken.

The Treasury of Mexico has issued drafts to the Financial Agency of Mexico in New York, from April, 1922, to this date, for the payment of $6,454,602.05 American Currency. Of this sum remain unpaid only the amount of $443,160.94, which will be settled on the coming month of August.

A definite plan for the establishment of a National Bank of issue has been completed, and it is expected that such financial institution will start to operate in January 1st, 1926, with a capital of 75,000,000.00 Mex. Currency. This Bank will render a valuable service for the stabilization of finance in the country.

President Calles desires to see his country entirely rehabilitated at the end of the first year of his Administration, or shortly after. Then Mexico, with the service of its national debt resumed and paying all its internal obligations, building roads, promoting industry, enforcing the Agrarian laws firmly and with the less possible friction, and giving to both national and foreign citizens full protection, will see an era of prosperity if it continues to receive the cooperation of unselfish American interests.

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music festival is not going to furnish a substitute for the passion, devotion, and insight of the Moravian organist who, unterrified by the curb-stone cry of "highbrow," has given a community an intimate affection for the great, and taught it to give it forth greatly.

A performance such as that of the Christmas Oratorio this year will make the new visitor feel keenly the deficiency of the Bach Choir: when Dr. Wolle permits individual members of the Chorus to assume the solo parts he discloses too clearly how commonplace and naive many of the voices are.

The Oratorio itself is a work of exceedingly uneven interest. Bach's librettist has as if deliberately avoided every dramatic element of his story, depriving the composer of the opportunities which he has seized so eagerly in the Passion Musics. The most pleasing number, the Cradle Song of Mary to the infant Jesus, Bach had previously used in a quite secular work, "The Choice of Hercules," performed in honor of the Prince of Saxony; and the charming symphony opening Part II has its counterparts in the Brandenburg Concerti. With so large a field of choral works to explore, Dr. Wolle would do better to constitute his Friday programs of motets and short cantatas, in which his choir has appeared to greater advantage.

In the performance of the B Minor Mass the deficiencies of the chorus vanish before a perfection of training, a devotion of spirit, and an understanding guidance that make Bach's magnificent patterns transparently clear and show forth that greatest depth of feeling which a truly rich soul can evoke through a severe and formal medium which it transcends and bends to its purpose—a feeling more satisfying than that aroused by nervous splashings of tone color or emotional wallowing in free developments. This satisfaction is one which the wise will secure for themselves while Dr. Wolle continues in his present restored vigor; and while the problem of his successor is still, I hope, a remote one.

CHARLES S. ASCHER

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Contributors to This Issue

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD has been editor of *The Nation* since 1918.

HUGO GELLERT'S portrait sketches have appeared in the *Liberator* and the New York Sunday *World*.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is George Bernard Shaw.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY was managing editor of *The Nation* from 1918 to 1920, and is now professor of economics at Wellesley College.

CARL VAN DOREN, author of "Contemporary American Novelists," "Many Minds," etc., was literary editor of *The Nation* for three years.

BERTRAND ZADIG is a young German artist living in New York.

S. FOSTER DAMON is the author of "William Blake."

H. W. NEVINSON, associate editor of the *New Leader* and author of "Changes and Chances," etc., is a veteran of the British press.

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD was the first Labor Prime Minister of England.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES is one of the editors of the *Measure*.

EDOUARD HERRIOT was premier of France from June, 1924, to April, 1925.

COUNT HARRY KESSLER is president of the German Peace Society. He was minister to Poland in 1918, and lecturer at the Williamstown Institute of Politics in 1923.

PLUTARCO ELIAS CALLES has been president of Mexico since September, 1924.

SINCLAIR LEWIS, author of "Main Street, "Babbitt," and "Arrowsmith," reported for *The Nation* the political conventions of 1924.

ART YOUNG has drawn political cartoons for the *Masses*, the Chicago *Tribune*, the *Metropolitan*, *Good Morning*, *Life*, and *The Nation*.

H. L. MENCKEN is editor of the *American Mercury*.

ERNEST GRUENING'S series of articles, concluded in this issue, was written after his return from Mexico in January. He is now on the way home from another visit in Mexico City.

JOHN A. HOBSON is a British author and economist, and a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

COUNTEE CULLEN is a young Negro poet who was graduated this year with honors from New York University.

MAX EASTMAN, formerly editor of the *Masses* and the *Liberator*, has lived abroad for three years, mostly in Russia.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD has published two volumes of verse: "For Eager Lovers" and "From a Hawaiian Hilltop."

EDWARD SAPIR is a member of the staff of the Victoria Memorial Museum in Ottawa.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is *The Nation's* critic of drama and fiction.

ROBERT H. LOWIE is associate professor of anthropology at the University of California.

HAROLD J. LASKI, formerly of the Harvard faculty, is on the teaching staff of the London School of Economics.

H. A. OVERSTREET is professor of philosophy at the College of the City of New York.

R. F. DIBBLE is the author of "Strenuous Americans" and "John L. Sullivan: An Intimate Narrative."

CHARLES S. ASCHER is a New York lawyer.

In order to make room for important special articles

The International Relations Section

has been omitted from this issue. It will appear as usual hereafter.

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